The Psalmes.

or Praiers

taken out of Holy Scripture,

Commonly called

The Kynges Psalmes.

Bible Appendix K

Imprinted at

London by H. VVykes.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The firste Psalme,

For the obteynyng remission of sinnes.

O Lorde of Lordes God almighty, greate and dreadfull, whiche by thy worde haste made heauen, earth, the Sea, and all things conteyned in them. Nothinge is hable to resist thy power, thy mercie is ouer all thy workes. All thinges be vnder thy

dominion and rule: both man and beast, & all liuinge creatures.

Thou arte mercifull to whome thou wilte: and hast cõpassion on whom it pleaseth thée.

Thy counsaile shal stande for euer: and what so euer thou wilte shall bée done.

Power, Dominion, and Glorie is thine: whiche arte aboue all thynges, and in all thinges, and in vs all.

Thou arte father of mer-

cies.

cies, and God of all Grace, Peace, & Comforte: whiche wilt not the death of a sinner, nor delitest in the damnation of soules.

O Lorde God, whiche art riche in mercie, and of thine especiall loue towardes vs, euen when we were thyne enemies by Sinne, diddest sende into the worlde thine onely begotten Sonne Iesus Christ: that whosoeuer beleueth duely in him shall not perishe, but haue euer-

lasting life.

Haue mercie vppon mée, haue mercie vppon mée, according to thy great mercy.

And according to the multitude of thy mercies, put away mine offences.

O God most holy, washe me from my wickednesse, & make me cleane from mine vncleannesse.

For I acknowledge (O Lorde) my heinous sinnes: and accuse my selfe of mine vnrighteous déedes.

I confesse against my selfe the wickednes of my harte, whiche hath bene euer vnfaithfull, and rebellinge against thy preceptes.

I haue bene an vntrue & a frowarde childe to the, & haue prouoked the with my vanities.

O holy father, I haue offended thy diuine maiestie: & am not worthy to be called thy sonne.

Because I prouoked the to anger through the multi-

tude of my sinnes: and haue not exercised my selfe in thy righteous lawes.

I haue turned backe from thy waies, and done euill before thée.

I haue done wickedly & iniustly behaued my selfe, leauinge thy commaundementes, and murmuringe against thy correction.

I haue turned my selfe away, and not kept my promise made vnto thée: I haue walked in an euill way after

ter mine owne thoughtꝭ & fantasies, chosyng the thynges that thou wouldest not.

O Lorde God almightie, I haue not feared thée, nor shewed due reuerence vnto thée: but I haue béene disobedient and stubburne vnto thée.

As a common harlotte is without shame, euen so am I without shame of my sinnes: for beholde, I speake vnto thée, and yet I sinne more and more.

I haue lefte that which is good, and gone backe from thée: and I haue not putte my truste and hope in thée, my maker, but haue sought for helpe and sauegarde otherwise.

I haue plawed wickednesse, and reaped iniquitée, and eaten the fruite of lies: because I haue trusted in mine owne waye.

I haue cast thy lawes behinde my backe, not regardyng thy cõmaundemẽtes, nor

nor leauinge myne owne lewde cuſtomes.

I haue not geuen my hart to return to thy pathes: for I would not know thée, but haue fallen through mine iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this daye turned truly vnto the with all my harte: but as a woman that breaketh hir fidelitie & promiſe vnto hir husbande, euen ſo (O lord God) I haue broken my promiſe vnto thée.

For

For I haue liued abhominably, and haue had no remorse nor repentãce for my euil déedes, but haue runne from sin to sinne, folowyng the lewde desires of my hart.

Thou knowest all thing (O Lorde) how I haue prouoked thée to displeasure by my lewde inuentions: and none of all my sinnes be hid from thée.

I hated thy discipline and correction: & regarded not thy

thy wordes and sayynges.

I haue not donne penance for my malice: but haue increased in muche vanitie.

My hart hath bene voyde of truthe: and my handes haue wroughte vnrighteousnesse.

My toung hath spokē sinfully: and I haue laboured with the imaginatiō of my harte to finde out lyes and deceites, and no truth hath bene in my waies.

I haue accustomed my

tounge to speake trifles & vanities, fulfillynge my fleshely desires & thoughtz, my purposes and inuentions haue bene contrary to thy will, whereby I haue offended the eies of thy maiestie.

Thou haste sene all these thinges (O Lorde) and hast holden thy peace, and yet they were euill in thy sight and displeased thee.

In thy anger thou haste caste me away, and arte diuided

uided from me nowe many daies.

Thou hast geuen me vp to the desires of my harte: to dwe the thinges whiche be not semynge.

Wo I am, that I haue gone from thee: great is my miserie, that I haue led my life in sinne.

Wo is mee, that I haue forsaken thee to dwe my deuises, not after thy mynde, to accõplish my thoughtes, whiche haue not procéeded

of

of thy ſpirite, but haue heaped vp ſinne vpon ſinne.

Mine infamy & reproche is dayly before myne eyes: and for ſhame I dare not ſhewe my face.

And nowe (O lorde God) why forgetteſt thou mée: why kéepeſt thou awaye ſo longe thy mercie from mée:

Here now my cauſe graciouſly, although thou haſte béene diſpleaſed with mée a greate while: for thou arte mercifull: be not angrie alwaies

waies I beseeche thee.

Cast not away a contrite & penitent person, a wretch, and an abiecte, whiche humbly calleth vpon thy name.

Turne againe a little towarde me (O Lorde God) & forgeue me my mischeuous dedes.

Order me not accordinge to my sinnes, nor punishe me as my wickednesse deserueth.

Shewe not forth thy power against a pore wretch:

persecute him not so sore, whiche is without all strengthe.

Turne not thy face away from my praiers: but accordyng to thy promisses, take me againe vnto thy fauour.

For I am thine (O righteous father) whome thyne onely dēre Sonne hath redēmed with his precious bloud.

And nowe my soule abhorreth my olde conuersation: and of the (whiche arte

iudge of al mē) I aske mercy
I dow submit my selfe vn-
der thy myghty hande: for
after thyne angre thou she-
west mercy, and in the time
of tribulaciō thou doest for-
geue sinnes.

I acknowledge, that I am
a sinner, beseechynge thée
lorde God almightie, of thy
gwdnesse to do with me ac-
cording to thy great mercy.

I am confounded & asha-
med to lyfte vp myne eyes
vnto thée, for my sinnes are

ascended vp vnto thy sight.

Against thée (O father) against thée I haue sinned, and done euill before thée: thou séest that mine iniquitie is great.

Truly I haue béen an offender against thée, euen from my cradle, and since I sucked my mothers brestes I haue not ceased to do euil.

Beholde, I was begotten in iniquitée: and my mother brought me into this worlde defiled with sinne.

For

For the corne of an euill ſéede is ſowed in my harte, and how much wickednesse hath ſprounge thereof vnto this daye, thou knowest, O Lorde.

I can not ſhake of my ſinnes and offences, but I carie ſtill with me thinfamie of my youth.

Behold Lorde, I am ſolde vnder ſinne, & in my fleſh I finde not that which is good

For the good ỳ I woulde, that doe I not, but the euill

that I hate that I doe.

All the thoughtes & imaginacions of my hart, haue bene sette to do euill, euer sence I was yonge.

O why doe I die in my sinnes Lorde God: seynge thy will is not that a sinner die but retourne from hys sinne and liue?

For thou arte good and merciful, and accordinge to thy greate mercye, saueste theim that be vnworthy.

For all be it no man is able

able to beare the puniſhe-
ment, whiche thou doeſt
threaten agaynſt ſinners,
yet the mercy, whiche thou
haſte promiſed, is great and
vnſearcheable.

Thou haſt ſhewed mercy
a thouſande times hereto-
fore: to make thy name glo-
rioufe as it is euen yet ſtill.

The olde fathers in their
neceſſities cried vnto thée,
and thou dyddeſt deliuer
theim: they put their truſt
in thée: and they were not

confounded.

When they were at their wittes ende, and wiste not what to do: this was their onlie refuge, to lift vp their eies to thée.

Thou diddest saue them for thy names sake, to shew in thē thy might & strength.

Many a time they prouoked thée through their iniquitées, & stirred thy godnesse to displeasure.

Yet whā thou sawest their tribulacion, and their lowly sub-

submission vnto thée.

Thou diddest remembre thy promise, and by and by haddest pitie and compassiō vpō them: according to the multitude of thy mercies.

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord God omnipotent) haue mercy vpon me: for I am a miserable and a wretched creature: Make me hole I beseche thée, whome thou hast striken for my sinne & iniquitée.

My soule is troubled

greatly: and how longe (O lord) wilt thou not loke towardes me?

How longe wilt thou reiect my prayer thus cryinge out vnto thee? wilte thou heare me at no time? howe lõg wilt thou tourne away thy face from me?

Where bee thy olde mercies (O lorde) whome thou hast stablished in thy truth.

Wilt thou nowe (O lorde God) cease to shewe mercy? or wilt thou withdrawe thy

gwdnes foꝛ diſpleaſure.

Haſte thou caſte me away foꝛ euer: ẏ thou wilt neuer hereafter be pleaſed wꝫ me:

Thy hande is not weakened, but it maye helpe: and thy eares be not ſtopped, that they refuſe to heare.

Howe long ſhal my minde be troubled with peinefull & heauie thoughtes: Howe longe ſhall ſoꝛowe toꝛment my herte:

Howe longe ſhall mine enemy haue the ouerhande

of

of me: looke towardes me (Lorde God) and heare my prayer.

Geue light to mine eies, for I haue slepte to longe in death: & my sinnes haue preuailed against me.

Turne againe, O lorde, turne againe, and deliuer my soule: and saue me for thy great mercies sake.

Lo nowe is the accepted tyme: nowe be the daies of health and grace.

In death who shall remẽber

ber thee: in hell who shall laude or praise thee?

He that liueth, he that liueth, shall praise thee: & shall make thy mercy knowen.

Lorde rebuke me not in thine angre: nor punisshe me in thy great displeasure.

Cast not thy dartes at me: nor lay not thy heauy hande vpon me.

For I haue borne thine angre a longe while, and of the cuppe of thy highe displeasure I haue dronke very

ry dæpe.

There is no health in my flesh for feare of thy displeasure: I haue no peace nor reste, when I beholde my sinnes.

My iniquities be gone ouer my head: and like an heauy burdeine they dayely presse me downe.

The woundes in my soule do fester and stinke euen thorough mine owne folie.

I am a wretche caste away

way from thy fauour & pre-
sence, and goe mourninge
all the day longe.

My soule is full of filthi-
nesse, and no parte of me is
whole and sounde.

Wherefore my enemies
do persecute me the more,
the greatnesse of my paine
maketh me to rore and crie.

My herte fainteth & trem-
bleth within me, and my
strength is gone away.

O lord, ỹ knowest my de-
sire, & ỹ seest my necessitée.

For-

Forgeue me al my sinnes (O lorde god almightie) for thy owne sake, and put out of thy sight my heinous offences, for accordyng to thy goodnesse thou hast promised forgeuenesse of sinnes to them that do penaunce.

Haue mercie on me lorde, for the glory and honour of thy name, and be no longer displeased with me, and thē thou shalt surely be knowē to bee iuste and true in thy wordes, & shalte ouercome when

when thou art iudged.

For by this, thy greate grace shalbe knowen: that thou takest mercy on them, whiche haue not whereof they may glory in thy sight.

And all the dwellers on the earthe shall learne and knowe thy goodnes, whan thou shalte conferre & geue thy benefites to vs for thy great names sake, and not after our euill wayes and wicked deedes.

Verily lorde God, except-

thou shewe vnto vs thy manifolde mercies, the worlde shall not haue life, nor they that dwell therein.

And if thou helpe vs not with thy goodnesse, howe maye they, whiche haue offended, be reysed vp from their sinnes?

Haue mercye on me, O good father, haue merey on me, and for thy glorious name, be no longer angrye with me.

Take me sinner vnto thy

mercie

mercie for the name of thy holy ſonne Jeſu, whome thou haſt ſente to be the obteiner of mercy for our ſins thorough fayth in his bloud.

Beholde holy father, behold thy childe, whom thou haſte choſen: behoulde thy welbeloued ſonne, in whom thy ſoule deliteth: vppon whome thou haſte put thy holy ſpirite, and ſente him to preache the goſpell to the poore, to heale them, whiche for their ſinnes be ſorowful

and contrite: to comforte thē that mourne, to preache pardō to the prisoners, and sight to the blinde.

Beholde thy littell one, whiche was borne for vs: beholde thy sonne whiche is gēuen to vs, whom thou hast not spared, but geuen to death for vs all, to bée a swéete offeringe and sacrifice to thée.

Verely he toke vpon him in his bodie, our infirmities, & he bare our peines.

He

He was made weake for our ſinnes : and he was wounded for our offences.

The correction for our peace was layde vpon him, and by the ſtrokes that he ſuffred, our woundes were healed.

All we went a ſtray lyke ſhéepe, euery one foloweth his owne waye, and thou (O lord) puttest on him our iniquitie, ſtryking him for the offences of thy people.

He gaue his bodie to bée

beaten, & his chækes to bē stryken, he tourned not away his face frō them that scorned him, and spitte vpon him.

Through his loue & mercie, he hath redæmed them that were losse, and by his bloud shedde on the Crosse, he hath pacifīed all thinges in heauen and in earth.

He gaue him selfe to death and made his praiers for thē whiche were offenders.

Loke (O mercifull father) and

and conſider, who it is that thus did ſuffer: and remembre (I beſech thée) for whom he hath ſuffred.

For this is that innocent whom thou gaueſt to death for vs, euen than whan wée were ſinners: and ſhall wée not, beynge nowe iuſtified by his bloude, muche rather be ſaued frō wrath through him?

If we, when we were yet enemies, were reconciled, to thée by the death of thy

sonne: shall we not beinge reconciled, muche rather be saued by his life?

Behold that pure and immaculate Lambe, which taketh away the sinnes of the worlde, by whose precious bloud we are redemed from our iniquities.

Loke vppon that moste meke innocent, which like a lambe was led to his death: and beyng moste cruelly intreated, once opened not his mouth.

Beholde

Behold thine onely ſonne, whō although thou begatteſt of thy almighty power, ſubſtance and nature: yet thou wouldeſt he ſhoulde be partaker of my infirmitæ.

Which beyng God in nature, thought it no rauin to be equall with God, but made him ſelfe low, taking vpon him the ſhape of a ſeruaunt, and comming in the ſimilitude of ſinfull fleſhe, condēned ſinne in the fleſh, ſubmittinge him ſelfe vnto

thæ D father, euen to the death of the Crosse, & there put on the hande wrytinge that was against vs conteined in the law written, and takynge it out of the waye, fastened it to his crosse, on the whiche he spoyled potestates and powers, & made a shewe of them openlye, and triūphed ouer theym in his owne person.

Turne the eies of thy maiestie (D lord God) and looke vpon the worke of thy ineffable

effable goodneſſe.

Behold thine own ſweete ſonne, how al his body was drawen and ſtretched forth on the croſſe.

Loke vpon all the partes of his bodie, frō the crowne of the head vnto the ſole of the foote, and no peine ſhall be foūd like vnto his peine.

Behold (O louing father) the bleſſed head of thy deere ſonne crowned with ſharpe thornes, and the bloud renning downe vpon his godly viſage

vilage.

Beholde his tender body, how it is scourged: his naked brest is striken & beaten: his bloudy side is thrusted through: his herte panteth: his sinewes bee stretched forth: his godly eyes dasell and leese their sighte: his princely face is wanne & pale: his pleasant tongue is inflamed for peine: his inward partes ware drie and starke: his armes both blew & wanne by strife, his bones be

be plucked one from an o-
ther: his beautifull legges
be feble and weake: and the
streames of bloud issuynge
out of his bodie, rēne down
apace vpon his féete.

Looke (O my maker) vpon
the humanitée & ientilnesse
of thy déere sonne: and pitie
the infirmitée of thy weake
handy woorke.

Beholde (O glorious fa-
ther) the body of thy déere
sonne, all to rent and torne:
and remēbre I beseche thée,
of

of how smal substance I am.

Loke vpon the peine of him that is both god & man: & releale the misery of man, whome thou hast made.

Behold the greuous suffe-ring of the redéemer, & for-geue the sinne of him that is redéemed.

Kéepe me from all euill waies: & teach me by thy ho-ly spirite, to chose the waye of truthe.

I beseech thée (O ỳ kyng of holinesse) by him ỳ is most holy,

holy, by this my redæmer Christe, that thou bryng me againe into the right waie, that I maye bee united and made one with hym in spirite, whiche abhorred not to be united with me in flesh.

Make me to goe perfectly in thy pathes, and to hate al wicked wayes.

Wash my herte from malice, and clense me from my secrete sinnes.

Clense me (O holy father) with the bloud of the newe testa-

testament of thy welbeloued sonne, which hath loued vs, and washed vs with his bloud from our sinnes, and hath redæmed vs from all iniquitie.

Purifie my harte by the sanctification of thy spirite, and the sprynklinge of the bloude of thy sonne, from all filthinesse of sinne, and euill conscience.

O God almighty, be mercifull vnto me sinner: for thy glorious name sake, and remem-

remembre my synnes no longer.

For thou arte God, gracious and mercifull, and pacientlye doest suffre vs: and woldest that no man should perishe, but that all men should returne to penance.

Make me (O lorde God) to returne frō my euill waies and wicked thoughtes.

Remembre not the sinnes and abhominacions of my youthe: accordynge of thy mercy, bē mindefull of me

for thy goodnes sake O Lord.

Loke not vpon me with a greuous countinaunce: for there is no man that dare speake for me.

Enter not into iudgment with thy seruaunt, for if thou accuse mée, I shall neuer be quitte.

For if thou (O Lord) marke my sinnes & iniquitée: who shall not fail before thée?

This is certeine and sure that than in thy sight no mā liuing shalbe iustified, seing thou

thou haste founde iniquitie euen in thy angels.

How much rather in men, which is abhomination and filthinesse, & dwelleth in the earthly house of this body, & drinketh iniquitie as it wer water?

Who is clene from filthinesse whan al be corrupted? truly not one: no though he haue lyued but one daie on the earthe; and though his monethes maye bee easily numbred.

Of a truth ther is no mor-
tall man, whiche hath not
done wickedly: nor there is
any rightwyse on earthe,
which doth good and sinneth
not.

Yet bycause mercy is in
thy hande (O lord) although
thou bée dreadfull, my hope
is in thée, in whom my soule
trusteth.

My soule loketh for thée,
because mercie & plentifull
redemption is with thée.

For this I know assured-
ly,

ly, that thou wilte not caste me awaye for euer: but although thou cast me awaye for my sinnes a while, yet thou wilt haue mercie vpon me againe, according to the multitude of thy mercies.

For thou (O lord) art full of pitie & mercie: and wilte not turne thy face away frō vs, if wée will returne to thée.

Thou art our God, full of swetenesse, veritée, and pacience, & disposest all things

by mercie.

The fountaynes of thy goodnesse be euer full & flow ouer: thy grace neuer decaieth.

All thy waies bée mercie and truthe to thē that sēke out thy couenaunt and testimonies.

How gentle and louynge the father is to his childrē, so gentle and louynge arte thou (O Lord) to theim that feare thée, & for the haboundaunce of thy mercye, thou doest

doest pardō our infirmities.

Thou knowest thine own handy worke: thou remembrest what wee are: ỹ seest that we are flesh, and of no strength.

Thou hast not forgotten, that this world is ful of vnrighteousnes and wickednesse: and that it is wholly set and bent on euill.

Yea neuertheles thou art mercifull, and full of grace, and like a mercifull Lorde, forbearest to punish sinners

whan they repēt themselfe
& returne frō their sinnes.

Haue mercie vpon me (O
lorde God my Sauiour) for
the glorie of thy name: and
deliuer me, and forgeue me
my sinnes for thy names
sake.

O righteous father, looke
not straitely vpon the mul-
titude of my sins: but looke
on the face of Iesu thy holy
sonne, which being without
sinne, bare our sinnes in his
bodie on the tree of ỹ crosse.

Turne awaye thy face frō my sinnes: and put out all my iniquities.

Make a cleane hert in me (O god) and renue me with a right spirite.

Caste me not away from thy presence, & take not thy holy spirite from me.

Geue me againe the comfort of thy helpe: & stablishe me with thy mighty spirite.

Mollifie my herte (O lord God) that I may returne to thy pathes: for I haue wan-

dzed ouer longe in the waye of errour.

Tourne me to thée, and I shall be turned: for thou art my maker: & I am the claye and worke of thy handes.

Turne not thy face away from me, nor go not frō thy seruaunt in thine angre.

Be my helper, & forsake me not, despise me not (O Lorde) whiche arte my God, & my health.

Amen.

The

The ſeconde Pſalme for remiſſion of ſinnes.

O Moſte mighty God of aungels and of men: whoſe iudgemētes be vnſerchable: and whoſe wiſdome is profounde & deepe. Heare the prayers of thy ſeruaunt: & caſte not awaye the humble ſuttes of thy poore creature and handy worke. For as longe as I ſhall liue, I wil ſpeake vnto thée: and

and I wyll not houlde my peace, so longe as the breath is in my body.

I doe turne my soule vnto thée, and I set mine eies directly vpon thée.

Let thine anger be turned away frō me I beseche thée, & graunt, that I may finde grace & fauour in thy sight.

Accordynge to the greatnesse of thy mercy, forgeue me all my sinnes.

Plucke me awaye from mine heinous offences: and

heale

heale my ſoule, whiche hath offended thæ, make mæ frœ from the guilt of my tranſgreſſion: for I acknowledge my iniquitæ, and am ſorye for my ſinnes.

I haue forſaken thy way, and I, knowynge thy commaundementes, haue done all thinges contrary to thē.

I haue brokén the couenaūt that I made with thée: and haue diſpiſed to kéepe thy lawe.

Uerely I haue ſinned a-

gainſt

gainst thée (O Lord God) & the blemishe of my sinne abideth still with me, euen vnto this daie.

I haue forsaken thée (O God my maker) and gone away frō thée my Sauiour, and haue rebelled agaynste thée, like the Oxe that winceth and striueth whan he should be yoked.

I haue hardened my hart against thée: and I haue lifted vp my necke proudely after my sinne.

I haue trusted in lyes, & through deceite woulde not knowledge thée: but I haue folowed the lewdnesse of my harte.

My pride and arrogancy haue beguiled me: and the foolyshe boldenesse of my harte hath brought me into desolate waies.

Myne owne counsayles & aduyses haue wrought mée these thinges: suche is the malice and rebellyon that possesseth the hartes of mē.

My

My ſoule is put frō quiet-neſſe and reſte, & I can not thinke of any good thing.

The yoke of my ſinnes is ſwared very heauy: it is lifted vp and faſtned about my necke.

Thou haſte ſpoken to me, but I woulde not heare: thou haſte called me, but I would not aunſwere, I beleued not thy wordes, nor would abyde thy counſaile.

I regarded not thy holy worde: and I gaue not my minde

minde to thy layenges.

Thou haste stryken mée, but I would not knowe the cause thereof: thou hast corrected me, but I woulde not take thy discipline.

I did not consider in my herte, that thou wouldest not forgette my sinne and malice.

With my mouth and my lippes I glorified thée, but my hert was farre frō thée.

I hid my sinne as Adam did: to the entēt to haue my

iniquitee vnknowen.

I axed counsayle of thy mouth: and I would not folowe thy lawe.

I haue sinned before thine eies, and therfore my soule is made vnstable.

I forsoke thée, whiche art the fountaine of continuall syngynge waters: to the intent to digge to my selfe muddy pittes whiche haue no water.

In all these thinges, I am not retourned to thée: Nor

I haue not prayed vnto thée, that I might leaue my wicked waies.

Sée Lorde, and beholde, howe vyle I am made: all the beautie of my soule is perisshed and gone: in so muche that now I dare not in any wise behold and loke vpon thée.

And there was no cause why I should forsake thée, & vainly folow vaine things.

Lorde haue mercie vppon me, and heare my prayers:

for thou arte my God, and there is no sauiour besides thée.

Turne away frō me thy heuie displeasure: and distroye me not for my sinnes of my youth.

I humbly beseeche thée (O lorde) forgeue mée, forgeue me for thy exceedyng mercy.

O lorde God of hostes, if thou be determined to saue, who can lette or resiste? if thou stretche out thy hand, who shall turne thée away?

Thou

Thou maist doe to me as the potter doeth to his pot: for (beholde) I am in thy hande, as the clay is in his.

Amende me (O Lord) but in mercie, not in thine angre, least thou vtterly consume me: make me to vnderstande and knowe howe hurtfull and deadly a thing it is to forsake thée, my lord God, and to caste awaye frō me, the feare of thée.

There is no manne, that can heale me nor cure my

plague: no man can deliuer me, but thou (O lord) which woundest and makest hole: whiche strikest and healest againe.

My distruction cometh of my selfe: my helpe and saluacion stãdeth onely in thée.

For none is like vnto thée, thou arte mighty: and greate is the name of thy strength.

Turne me to thée (O lord) and I shall be tourned: take awaye from me this sinfull hart,

herte, that thy lawe maye bringe forth fruite in me.

Remembre me lorde, for thy goodneſſe ſake: and for the greate loue that thou beareſt towardes me.

O Lorde God (beholde) thou haſt made both heauen & earth by thy great myght: and nothynge is harde to thée.

Thou arte that puiſſant and mightie, whoſe name is the lord of hoſtes: greate and meruailous in thy coũ-

sayle.

As sone as thou hast spoken the woorde, all thinges be done: as sone as thou haste commaunded, thinges be: and thy woorde returneth not to the voyce and without effect.

Thou (O loorde God) shewest mercie vnto all: for thou canst doe all: and thou makest as though thou sawest not the sinnes of men, because they should doe penaunce, and amende theyr liues.

lyues.

For thou louest al things that be: and hatest nothyng that thou hast made: for nothynge thou madest or hast ordeyned of any hatred.

Thou sparest & tendrest all men: for all thinges be thine, and thou louest the soules of men.

Thou doest ministre mercie, equitie, & iustice in the earth: and therefore in these vertues thou greatly delitest.

Truly (O lorde) thou art righteous & gracious, notwithstanding I haue offended thée, transgressinge thy couenaunt, and trespassing against thée.

O lord, thou hast séene all my abhominations: looke on my cause, and consider, howe vile and wretched I am: sée & beholde my greate confusion.

In the time of reconciliation heare me, and in the daye of saluation haue mer-

cy

cy on me.

Be merciful vnto me, and haue mercy on me, whiche haue none other helpe but thée: whoſe will nothynge can reſiſte: whan ſo euer thou doeſt purpoſe to ſaue.

Here mée, whiche am a wretche makynge ſupplication vnto thée, make me to truſte in thy name: and deliuer me by thy power.

Haue regarde to me from heauen, O lorde, and loke downe from thy holy habitation

tation: and from the throne of thy glory.

Distroy me not because of my iniquitie: but remembre the sorowe & paine that I suffer.

Bée not still angry with me (O lorde) forgette all my sinnes, and remembre them no longer.

Let my praier ascende vp vnto thée: saye vnto my soule, Behold I am come to thée, thy health and thy saluation. Amen.

The Thirde Psalme for remission of sinnes.

O God eternal, iust and holy: whiche kéepest couenant and mercie with them that loue thée & kepe thy commaundemẽts.

Loke at me, & haue mercy vpon me: for I haue trespassed againste thée: & done euill in thy sight.

Shewe forth vpon me the tendre affectiõs of thy mercy,

cy, that thy seruaunt maye haue an harte to praye vnto thée.

I humbly make my praier before thy face, not trusting in mine owne ryghtuousnesse, but in thy great mercies.

For I am vnclene and filthy: and all my ryghtuousnesse is like a foule bloudy cloute.

Vnto thée (O Lorde) bée iustice, mercie, and pitie: but vnto me be confusion and

and shame, for me iniquities.

Certainly euen from my beginning I haue vsed my selfe proudly againste thée, doinge wickedly & ceasinge not.

O lorde, thou haste redéemed me, and yet I haue not ceassed to offende thée, & my hert hath not bene streight in thy sight.

Thou hast taught and instructed me, and stablished my power, and I haue bene

euill

euil affected towardes thée, beyng like vnto a deceitfull bowe.

My pryde and presumptiō accuse me to my face, I am ouerthrowen in mine owne wickednesse: I doe seke thée (O Lorde) I beseche thée, that I maye finde thée: thou arte separated from me: for I haue greedily folowed filthinesse.

Yet will I accuse mine owne synfull wayes before thée (O Lorde) vntill thou haue

haue mercy vppon me, and receiue me agayne into thy fauour.

God forbidde, that euer I shoulde depart from thée againe, and not diligently séeke for thy promises.

I will neuer holde my peace, nor kéepe silence: vntyll thou haue established that couenaunt with me, whiche thou hast made and ordeigned in times paste.

That is to saye, lyke as the iustice of a iuste manne

shall not delyuer or saue hym, what tyme soeuer he shall offende: So the wickednesse of a wicked manne shall not hurte him, what time so euer he shal returne from his wickednesse.

In hope of this (O Lorde God) I will tarye thy pleasure: for thou arte good to theim that trust in thee, and to the soule that seketh thee.

Thou keepest thy truthe for euermore: & the worde whiche issueth forthe of thy mouth,

nouthe, shalt not be voyde, and of none effecte.

Distroye me not (good Lord) for my sinnes: nor reserue not eternall punishement for me.

Open thine eyes, and beholde the greatenesse of my peyne and my affliction: for my iniquitie is great in thy sighte: and my sinnes haue brought me into this trouble.

Distroye me not vtterly, nor leaue me in my sinnes:

for thou art God of mercy, and very gracious.

Execute not the punishement vpon me, whiche thou haddest purposed: do to me accordyng to thy name: al⁹ thoughe my defaultes and sinnes be many.

O lorde, thou art my God: and thy name hath bene put vpon me: Leaue me not in ỹ depenesse of my troubles.

Thou haste chastised and reformed many, and haste strēgthned the wery hādes,

thy

thy wordes haue set vp him that stagered: and thou hast made streight the crooked knees.

Wherfore I wil seeke thee (O lorde God) whiche hast wrought great thinges vnsercheable & innumerable.

Thou hast taken vp the poore out of the duste, and hast exalted theim, whiche were abiectes.

For thou dost deliuer the poore in his miserie out of the straite and bottomelesse

pitte of tribulacion: and out of the wyde mouthe of anguisshe and affliction, into reste and quietnesse.

Thou art gracious & mercifull, for that thou shewest mercie to theim, whiche be not yet come into ỹ worlde: and thou art very mercifull to them whiche diligently obserue & kæpe thy lawes: and thou doest pacientlye suffre synners: geuynge theim time & place, wherby they maye be changed from

their

their malice.

Here me poore wretch making supplicatiō vnto thée, for in thée and thy name, I haue put my trust & affiāce.

Take me thy seruaunt vnto thée, & make me good, & let me not be disapointed of that that I loke for.

Come agayne (O Lorde God) and saue my soule: distroye me not, whome thou haste redéemed by thy great might and power.

Loke not vpon the hard-

nes of my harte, nor vppon my sinnes: but like as thou hast many tymes shewed mercie, so nowe be merciful and forgeue me.

Here me (O lorde) and be pacified: regard my prayer, and doe accordynge to thy great name.

O lorde, I loke to haue healpe and saluation from thée: and this is my dayly meditation, and exercise.

For thy mercies be great: and thy goodnesse is inestimable

mable.

Heare me nowe fauourably, and withholde thy mercies no longer from me.

In the waye of thy iudgementes I wyll loke after thée: my soule desireth to magnifie thy name, and to haue thée in memorie.

Incline my herte to do thy commaundemētes: and dyrect my wayes euermore in thy sight.

Let me neuer hereafter goe awaye from thy waies:

nor leaue me not nowe in ỹ depeneſſe of my troubles.

Turne not thyne eies awaye from me: but teache me (O Lorde) to dw thoſe thinges, which are pleaſant in thy ſight.

Make a perpetuall league and couenant with me, that thou wilt put thy feare into my herte: ỹ I neuer ſwarue from thée in all my life.

Withdraw not thy gwdnes from me for euer, but kéepe thy promiſe & fidelitée.

Be

Be good vnto me with beneuolence and fauour: for thou art mercifull, and thy diſpleaſure continueth not for euer.

Remembre me with fauoure and kindneſſe: and viſite me with thy ſaluacio.

I knowe (O Lorde God) that thou arte gracious and mercifull, pacient, and of great mercifulneſſe.

Thou arte good and merciful, thou kéepeſt couenant and mercye with thy ſeruantes,

uantes, which walke before thée in their whole hert.

There is none other God but thou, which regardest & caresst for all.

For thou hast bene euer very mercifull to me: deliueringe my soule from the déepe hell.

Let thy goodnesse (O lord) be euer with me, for all my wealth resteth only in thée.

In the time of tribulatiō I call vpon thée (O lorde) for thou art nighe vnto theim,

which

whiche call vppon thy holy name.

Succour me(O God) and loke merily vpon me: shewe me the light of thy countenance: in thée my soule trusteth, & my hert reioyceth.

Let my praier come vnto thy throne: bowe downe thyne eare vnto my crie.

Heare me nowe being penitent(O Lord) whom thou hast hitherto pacientlý suffred: to thintent I shoulde repent and amende my life.

O God, I haue opened vnto thée my lyfe: saue me for thy names sake: for my trust is in thée.

What care I for worldly thinges: This one thynge onely I néede & desire, that I maye finde grace and fauour in thy sighte.

Wherefore I beseche thée (O lorde God) take awaye from me this peine and sorowe: or at leastwise mitigate and asswage it, other by comfort, or by counsaile,

or

or by what meanes so euer it shall be seene good to thee.

The fourthe Psalme is a complaint of a penitēt sinner, which is sore troubled and ouercome with sinne.

O Lorde God mercifull and pacient: and of much mercifulnesse & truthe.

Which for thy aboundant charitee, and accordinge to thy

thy great mercy haste taken vs out from the power of darkenesse: and haste saued vs by the foũtayne of regeneration and newe birth, & the renewynge of the holy ghost: whom thou hast shed vppon vs aboundantly by Iesu Christ our sauiour.

If I haue founde grace & fauour in thy sighte: suffre me to speake a worde vnto thée: and bée not displeased with me.

Why doest thou euer for-

get

get me: & leauest me in the mids of my troubles & euils.

Where is become thy zeale and thy strength: where is the multitude of thy tender affections: & of thy mercies:

O Lord, may not he which is fallen, ryse vp againe: or maye not he, whiche hathe gone away frō thée, returne to thée againe:

Shal my sorowe euer endure: shall my wounde bée vncurable & neuer healed:

Howe cometh it to passe,

that I tourne still away frō thée: my sinne dayly increaseth, and of my selfe I can not retourne.

In as muche as it is not geuen to man to direct hys owne wayes: neyther to make perfect his owne proceadinges.

For in thy hande is the life of euery liuing thyng: & the spirite also of euery mā.

Thou shewest thy mercie to whome thou wilt: & thou art gracious to theim, whō thou

thou fauourest.

Thou doest kill, and thou doest quicken: thou leadest down to hel gate, and bringest vp againe.

Thy eyes beholde the waies of euery man: & thou searchest the hertes of men.

There is no place so secret or darke, wherein sinners may hide theselues frō thee.

Nor any manne maye so lurke and hide him selfe in caues, but thou shalt see him which doest fulfill both hea-

uen & earth in euery parte.

Why hast thou cast me away from thy presence: and takest me for thy enemie:

Why hast thou layde vpō my head the heauy weighte of my sinnes, seing no man is hable to beare thy displeasure.

What meaneth it, that thou shewest thy power against a wretche: why destroiest ỹ me for the sinnes of my youth:

If I haue sinned, what shall

shall I dō to thē: and if my sinnes be increased, what shall I dō:

If I dō iustly, what shall I geue to the: or what shalt thou receiue at my hande:

My wickednesse shal hurt my selfe: and my righteousnesse shall profite me.

The life of man is a temptacion vpon the earth: and if I haue sinned (as all men haue) what may I dō:

Shall any man be founde cleane and without sinne

before thee: or shal any man be without defaulte in hys dædes?

How may a mortall man be pure from sinne in thy sight: or how may he, which is borne of a woman, bee righteous?

Remember (O Lorde) I beseeche thee, that thou haste made me of the earth: and that thou shalt bringe me againe into the dust of death.

My dayes passe and vanishe away like smoke: they waste

waste dayly, there is no tarying.

My life flieth away as the wynde: and considereth not that which is good.

I was but lately borne into this worlde, and shortly I shalbe taken away hence by death, I neuer continue stil in one state.

The dayes of my life bee folwe, and short: thou hast appointed an ende, whiche I shall not passe.

Naked and bare I came

out of my mothers wombe: and naked and bare I shall retourne againe: truely all men liuing are vanitée.

Haue pitie (O Lorde) on them that are in miserie: & dispise not ye woorkes of thy handes.

Though we sinne: yet are we vnder thée: for we know thy power and strength: & if we sinne not, than are we sure that thou regardest vs.

Cease thy indignation (O Lorde) and tourne it from me:

me: and caste all my sinnes behinde thy backe.

Take awaye thy plagues from me: for thy punishmēt hath made me bothe feble & fainte.

For whan thou chastiseth a man for his sinnes, thou causest him by and by to cō=sume and pine awaye.

Whatsoeuer is delectable in him, perisheth like vnto the cloth that is eaten with mothes.

Mould God I had one to

defende me a whyle, vntill thy anger were tourned away: or that thou wouldest set me a time, in the whiche thou wouldest remēbre me.

I am cleane caste awaye from thy presence: shall I neuer hereafter see thy face againe?

Beholde, I haue opened the griefes of my soule: the dates of my sorowes haue taken me.

The flouddes of tribulation compasse me rounde about

bout: & the ſtreames of thy furie renne ouer me.

And I crie vnto thée (O Lorde God) but thou heareſt me not: I alse mercie: but ỹ reiectest my prayers.

Why thruſtest thou down a poore wretch from thy preſence: or why forſakeſt ỹ me ſo longe time?

Why takest not away my iniquitie: and why putteſt thou not away the wickednesse of my herte?

Ariſe and tary no longer

(O

(O Lorde) arise, and reiecte me not for euer.

Haue me in remẽbrance, I beseech thée: for I throughly tremble & shake for feare.

Yet I will not holde my tounge, but crie still vnto thée with a mourninge and an heauy herte.

Turne awaye the stroke of thy vengeaũce from me: bring my mind out of troubles into rest.

I am here no longer continuer, but a pylgrim and a straunger

ſtraunger as all other mor-tall men be.

And what is man, that thou ſhouldeſt be angry wi him: or what is mankynde, that thou ſhouldeſt bée ſo heauy Lorde vnto vs:

What, wilt thou bryngе ſorow vpon ſorow: I pante for peyne and finde no reſt.

My ſorowe greueth me whan I ſhould eate, and ſodeine ſighes ouerwhelme my herte.

I am as if my bones were

all

all to broken, whan I heare myne enemies raile vpon me, and saye to me daye by daye, where is thy God?

Why tourneſt thou thy face away frō theſe thinges (O Lorde?) why haſte thou no regarde of my trouble?

I earneſtly make my praiers dayly in thy ſighte: and the heauineſſe of my herte I dow ſhewe vnto thee.

My ſpirite is carefull and troubled within me: and deſperation hath entred into my

my hert.

Is it thy pleasure (O lord God) to casse awaye thine owne handy worke?

Deliuer my soule from corruption, and my life frō euerlastyng darkenesse.

What auaileth it me, that euer I was borne, if thou casse me streight into damnation? seyng that the dead shal not prayse thee: nor any of theim whiche goe downe to hell.

I haue sinned, what shall

I do to thée: why hast thou put me to be cõtrary to thée: I am wery of mine owne selfe.

Why searchest thou out my sinnes so narowly: whã there is no mã that can take out of thy hande:

If I woulde saye, that I were rightuous & without sinne: than thou myghtest worthily condemne me to the fyre prepared for the deuill and his aungels.

But I confesse, that I am a sin-

a sinner, and I do humble my hert in thy sight.

Surely if any man would stād with thée in iudgemēt, he shall not be able to aunswere one worde to a thousande thinges, wherewith thou mightest charge him.

This maketh me to feare al my dœdes: knowing that thou sparest not him that offendeth.

If I loke vpō thy power, O howe mighty and strong thou arte if I shall call for

iudgemet, who shall defend my mater or speake for me:

To thée (O Lorde) I call & crie: to thée my god, I make mine humble suite.

Turne away thine angre from me: that I may knowe that thou art more merciful vnto mée than my sinnes deserue.

What is my strengthe, that I may endure: or what is the ende of my trouble, that my soule may pacientlye abide it:

My

My ſtrengthe is not a ſtonie ſtrength: and my fleſhe is not made of braſſe.

There is no helpe in my ſelfe, and my ſtrength flæth awaie from me.

Although thou hide theſe thinges in thine herte: yet I knowe, that thou wilt remembre me at length.

For thou art true and iuſt (O Lorde God) thou doeſt not condemne vniuſtlye: whiche rewardeſt man accoꝛding to his deſertes.

All this is come vnto me because I haue forgotten thée: and not vsed my selfe truely in thy testament.

My hert hath tourned backwarde: and I haue followed the desires of my flesshe.

And thou hast surely knowen this thing: which knowest the secretes of ỹ herte.

Laye not againste me (O lord) ỹ sinnes of my youth: nor haue in remembraunce mine olde iniuries done againste thée.

Dayly

Dayly sorow ouercometh me: and sadnesse possesseth my hert.

I looke after peace, but I can not haue it: I looke for a tyme of healthe but my griefe continueth still.

When the time of thine angre is passe, lette mercie come, yet am I vnhappy more and more.

Wo and alas that euer I sinned: my herte therefore mourneth and is sadde, all mirth and ioye be banished

from me.

Howe am I wasted? how miserably am I cõfounded? because I haue forsake and cast away thy lawe.

Death hath ascended vp by the windowes: persinge the inwardes partes of my herte.

Whan I dayly, one while muse secretly with my selfe an other while with loude voyce crie out & complayne: the meane time my life drawetth nere to the pitte.

Who

Who shall geue me place to reste in frō al my griefes and troubles: and I wil forsake all men, and get me away from theim.

Who shal geue me water to my head, and a fountaine of teares to mine eies: that I maie bewaile my sinnes both night and daie.

And I will loke for him, which may saue me: and deliuer me from the wrath to come.

I haue no trust neither in

like noz death: but I feare thy iudgement (O lozd) and the peines pzepared foz wicked sinners.

The feare of my sinne maketh me carefull: and the burdeine of my conscience oppzesseth me sore.

O God, whiche tendzely louest mankinde, and arte moste rightfull iudge: spare me nowe I beseche thee, and shew me some fauour while time is.

Forgeue that whiche I feare,

feare, put away that whiche I dreade: before I departe hence, & shall not retourne againe.

My sinnes do vexe and trouble me sore: they be so great that none canne be greater.

Alas my fall, alas my miserie, alas the griefe of my plague, and stroke: certeinly my sinne is the cause of all this, and so I will take & suffre it.

The Kinges

The fifth Psalme

for the obteyning of godly VViſedome.

O Lorde God of mercie, whiche by thy worde haſt made al thinges: and by thy wyſedome haſte created man.

O God eternall, to whom all thinges be knowen, be they neuer ſo ſecrete: which knoweſt all thinges before they be done.

Open

Open my lippes, and my mouth, that I maie speake & shewe forth the glorie and prayse of thy name.

Geue me a newe herte, & a right spirite: and take frō me all wicked and sinfull desires.

O Lorde I am foolishe, ignorant and blinde, whan I am destitute of my knowledge.

I am ignorant and without intelligence, my dulnesse is so greate, that my eies

eies can not ſée, noꝛ my hert perceiue.

Yea I am a very babe and a childe, and knowe full littell mine owne life and cõuerſation.

My lippes be defiled and vncleane, my time is ſhoꝛt, and I am not able to vnderſtande thy lawe.

Geue thy ſeruaunt I beſeche thée, an hert apte to take learninge: that I may knowe what thing is acceptable in thi ſight at al times

Sende

Sende downe from heauen ỳ spirit of thy wisdome, & replenisshe my herte with knowledge therof.

Thy wisedom, geueth true knowledge: and out of thy mouth procedeth both counsaile and intelligence.

Thy wisedome openeth the mouth of the dumme: & maketh the tounge of infantes eloquent.

If any seeme to be perfect among men: yet if thy wisdome forsake him: he shall be

be reckned nothyng worth.

Thy wisedome is to men a treasure that faileth not: which who so vse it, thei are ioyned to God in loue and amitie.

Howe wel is it with that man which is wittie in this behalfe, and hath his soule indued with thy wisedome?

What mā in al the world knoweth thy counsaile? or who can cōpasse in his mind what thy will is?

Who can comprehend thy purpose

purpose and minde: except thou geue him wisedome, & instruct him with thy holy spirite.

For mēs reasons dow faile in many thinges: and their forecastes and inuentions be vncertaine and vnsure.

For the mortall and corruptable bodie muche greueth the soule, & the earthly house of the bodie holdeth downe the minde musinge vpon manie thinges.

Counsaile and good succesſe

ceſſe commeth from aboue: where alſo wiſedome is and vertue.

With thée (O Lorde) is riches, glorie, and righteouſnes, which be treaſures incorruptible.

He that hath founde out thée: hath founde life: and he that loueth not thée, loueth death.

O Lorde God, touche my mouth ẏ my iniquitie may be driuen awaie: dwell thou in my herte, that my ſinnes

maie

maye be purged.

Wisedome doth not entre into a malicious soule: nor will abyde in a body, which is subiect to sinne.

Teache me (O lorde god) least my ignorauce increse, & my sinnes ware mo & mo.

Let my spirite teache mée ỹ thinges that be pleasaunt vnto thée, that I may be led into the streight way out of errours, wherin I haue wãdred ouer longe.

Let thy wisedome be sta-

blished in my spirite : and write thy law in my harte.

Thy wisedome is to mée more precious thē al riches: and I desire more to haue it then all other thynges, bée they neuer so faire & goodly.

O Lorde thou knowest, howe sore I am inflamed with ẏ loue of thy wisdome whiche is my onely study & meditation.

O how pleasant and swete thy woordes be to my hart: truly much more than hony

is

is to my mouth.

Thy worde is a bryghte candle to my fæte, & a light to my wayes.

Thy wisedom pleaseth me more thē thousādes of golde or of siluer can doe.

I haue more pleasure and delectation in the waye of thy wisedome: then in great abundance of treasure.

Wouldе God my wayes may be ordered, that I may learne thy wisedome & thy wordes.

Thy worde geueth heate and inflameth: wherefore I greatly desire it.

O happy is he (lord) whom thou instructest: and makest learned in thy lawe.

His soule hath alway studied wisedome: & his tonge shall speake iudgement.

The lawe of God shalbe written in his harte: and he shal not be ouerthrowen as he goeth.

O lord, which art my God & my sauior, heare my praier, and

& my tonge shal euer speake and set out thy mercies.

Geue me wisedome which is assistent to thy throne: þ I maye discerne betweene good & euill, and maie know thy holy misteries.

Open mine eyes, that I maye perceiue and beholde the wounderfull thynges whiche be in thy lawe.

Remēbre thy worde now I call vpon thee: for I haue put my hope in it, make me to know þ waie of thy wise-

dome: & hide not thy knowledge from me.

Dyre me accordynge to thy mercie, & disapoint mee not of that I loke for.

Teach me right wisdome & intelligence: for thy wisedome is all that I desire.

Putte thy worde in my mouthe: and fasten thy wisdome in my harte.

Let thy wisdome rule and guide my thoughtes: that they may alway please thee.

Thy wordes be wodderful and

and meruailous: wherefore my ſoule deliteth in them.

Thy wiſedome is perfect: and thy knowledge is clere & geueth light to the eies.

It is more amiable thē gold & precious ſtones, it is farre ſwæter then the hony cōbe.

Thy wiſedome is pure & vndefiled, & maketh ſoules ſtronge: thy wordes be certaine & true, & geue vnderſtandynge vnto the ſimple.

Whan ſhall he ỳ erreth in his ſpirite haue knowlage:

and whan shal he that is ig-
norant haue learnyng?

Whan wilt ỹ send downe
thy holy spirite frō aboue?
whan shall the blinde harte
be lightned w̄ knowledge?
whan shall the tounge that
stammereth bée made elo-
quent?

I am like a babe without
wisedome and discretiō: let
thy stronge hande (O Lord)
be my helpe.

I knowe that thou canst
dō all thinges, and nothing
is

is harde to thée.

Thou art great (O Lorde) and canſt not be knowen, & thy wiſedome is infinite.

I haue declared my cauſe before thée: dw with thy ſeruant according to thy great mercie.

Loke towarde me, and haue mercy vpon me: that I maye bringe to paſſe that, whiche I beleue and thinke may be done by thée.

Make the way of thy wiſdome knowē vnto mée, & re-

pleniſhe my harte with the knowledge thereof.

Here my voice (O lord) accordinge to thy mercie: intreate mée accordynge to iudgement.

Geue glory vnto thy name (O lorde) for thou onely art good & wiſe: & there is none other ſauiour beſide thée.

Heare me (O lord) for thy name ſake: & withholde not thy mercie from me.

My lippes ſhal ſpeake and ſet forth thy laude & prayſe:

whan

whan thou haſte taught me thy wiſedome.

Then I will declare thy meruailes: ỳ other alſo may be conuerted vnto thée.

And may bleſſe thy name for euer, worlde without ende. Amen.

The ſixte Pſalme

A *Chriſtian man prayeth, that he may be heard of God.*

O Lorde heare my prayers: and lette my crie come

come to thée.

Turne not away thy face from mée in the daye of my tribulation.

What day so euer I shall call vpon thée: heare mée (O lorde God.)

For thou arte greate and worckest wõders: thou onely arte God.

Also thy worckes be great: thy thoughtes be very profounde and déepe.

Bowe downe thine eare vnto me: and here me, for I

am

am powre, & without helpe.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lorde) for when trouble cometh, I flée vnto thée for ſuccour.

Make glad the ſoule of thy ſeruaunt: For I haue lifted vp my hart vnto thée.

O lord, thou art good and merciſull: & of much mercie to al thē that call vpon thée.

Heare my requeſt & petition, and graciouſely accept my prayers.

O Lorde God, in thée I truſt:

truſt: let me not be confoū-
ded, I beſeche thée: Deliuer
me in thy righteouſneſſe.

Herken vnto the voyce of
my crie (O my king and my
God) for I make my humble
ſuite vnto thée.

Heare my voice, with whſch
I cal vpon thée: haue mercie
vpon me, and ſaue me.

My prayers be euer vnto
thée (O lord God) if that the
time of thy gracious plea-
ſure ſhall come, whan that
accordyng to the multitude

of

of thy mercy, ỹ wilt here me in the truth of thy healthy.

Haue regard vnto me (O lord) for thy mercy is swéete accordyng to ỹ multitude of thy mercies, looke vpon me.

Goe not farre away from me (O my God) but make haste to helpe me.

Let my wordes be pleasant vnto thée: & make that the thoughtes and meditacion of my harte may be acceptable afore thée.

Turne not away thy face from

from thy seruaũt, for trou-
ble riseth vp against me on
euery side: wherefore nowe
succour me.

My hart desireth thée, my
soule seketh for thée: I tary
and looke whan I maye be-
holde thy face.

Turne not away thy face
from me, cast not away thy
seruaunt in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwaies helped
me before this time: forsake
me not nowe in my moste
néede, O my lord & my God.

To

To thee I crie dayly, gowe not away from me: & turne not the deafe eare vnto me.

Cause my prayer to enter into thy presence: & let my crie come vnto thée.

Heare me (O Lorde) for I lifte vp my minde vnto thy holy temple.

Helpe nowe in tyme of trouble, for vayne is ỹ helpe of man.

I lowke after thy helpe (O Lord) & to thy iudgementes my will is conformable.

Loke vnto me, and take pitie vpō me: for I am poore and lefte alone.

O lorde God of hostes, if thou wilt, thou maist helpe me: nothinge can ouercome thy strength.

My God, my God, leaue me not in these greeuous tribulations for thy greate names sake.

O God, make haste to deliuer mée, O Lorde make spede to helpe me.

Be contented to deliuer me:

me: for in thée I truste (O lorde God.)

Beholde, I haue no helpe in my selfe: there is no man ỳ regardeth my necessitée.

I am poore, and in misery, and great calamitée: and my strength is gone from me.

Arise vp (O lorde) and declare thy glorie vnto thy seruaunt.

Let saluation and health come to me from thée: that all my enemies maie bée ashamed.

Thyne arme is mighty & stronge: and whā thou wilt all thynges be obedient vnto thée.

Heauen is thine, yea and the earth is thine: thou madest the world, and all that is therein.

Lette thy mercie comfort me: whiche surely I desyre more than this life.

I sticke to thy testimonies (O Lord) let me not be confounded.

Out of the dæpe I haue called

called vnto thée (O Lorde:) Lorde heare my voyce.

O let thine eares marke well the voyce of my complaint.

O Lorde, if thou imputest my sinnes vnto mée: howe maye I looke for thy grace & pardon?

But thy mercie exceedeth all thinges: and thy truthe passeth the heauens.

Wherefore my soule hath looked to thée: & to thée maketh humble prayers.

Thyne arme is mighty & stronge: and whā thou wilt all thynges be obedient vnto thée.

Heauen is thine, yea and the earth is thine: thou madest the world, and all that is therein.

Lette thy mercie comfort me: whiche surely I desyre more than this life.

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O Lorde, if thou imputest my sinnes vnto mée: howe maye I loke for thy grace & pardon?

But thy mercie exceedeth all thinges: and thy truthe passeth the heauens.

Wherefore my soule hath loked to thée: & to thée maketh humble prayers.

O God, be not still, kéepe not silence: but for thyne owne sake, sée that thy holy name be not dishonoured.

Extende out thy mercy to them that cal vpon thée, and thy righteousnesse to theim that séeke thée.

I haue caste my burdeine vpon thée, beare me vp: and lette me not alwayes be in waueringe, seinge that I haue put my trust in thée.

My soule cleaueth vnto thée: make thy right hande

to

to ſtrengthen mée agaynſt ỹ power of mine enemies.

Here me (O lorde) and deliuer me: incline thine eares vnto my prayers, and ſaue me, for I am poore: O lorde haue regarde vnto me.

Thou (O lorde God) arte my helpe and my ſauiour.

O God, thy waie is holie and rightfull, what God is ſo great as ỹ (our God) art.

Thou doeſt merualous thinges: thy name is ỹ lord: thou onely art the hygheſt

vpon all the earth.

Be now pacified toward thy seruaunt: and hide thy face from me no longer.

Be good vnto me (O lord) as thou art full of goodnesse thy selfe, that I may glorie in thée all ỳ daies of my life.

My lippes reioyce to singe praise vnto thée: and euen so doth my soule, whiche thou hast redéemed.

My harte shal alwaies studie thy righteousnesse, whã they shall bée confounded, which

which ſeke to do me harme.

I will renne all the waie of thy commaundementes: whan thou ſhalt dilate and inlarge my harte. Amen.

The ſeuenthe

Pſalme, for an order & direction of good liuyng.

TO thée (O Lord) I lift vp my minde.

In thée I truſte (O Lorde God) lette me not bé

confoũded, leſt my enemies make me their ieſting ſtock and a matier to laugh at.

O lorde, make thy waies knowen vnto me: and trade me in thy pathes.

Direct me in thy truthe, & inſtructe me: for thou arte God my ſauiour: I loke after thée euery day.

O lorde thou art ſwéte & rightfull: & bringeſt againe into thy waie, theim that went out.

Thou leadeſt ſtreight in thy

thy iudgemẽt them that bẽ milde & tractable: and teacheſt thẽ that be meeke, thy wordes and teſtimonies.

Thou healeſt them that be contrite in hart: & aſſwageſt their peines & griefes.

Thou holdeſt vp al them, which els ſhould fall: and al that are fallen: thou liſteſt vp againe.

Thou geueſt ſight to the blinde, and loſeſt them that be bounden.

Thou arte nighe vnto all them

them that call vpon thée: so that they call vpō thée faithfully and hartily.

Thou fulfillest the desire of them that feare thée: and hearest their prayer, and sauest them.

Haue mercie vpon me (O God) haue mercie vpon me: for in the my soule trusteth.

Verely my soule hath a speciall respect vnto thée: for my helth, my glory, and all my strēgth cometh frō thée.

For thine owne sake (O Lorde

Lorde God) laie not my sinnes to my charge.

I vnderstand not al mine errours: innumerable troubles close me round aboute, my sinnes haue taken holde vpon me: and I am not able to loke vp.

Put to thy hande to helpe me: and leade me right in al my woorkes.

Make mé to walke perfectly in thy waies, that no kind of sinne ouercome me.

Sette a watche before my mouth:

mouth: and kéepe the dore of my lippes.

Lette the wordes of my mouthe and the meditation of my hart be euer pleasant and acceptable in thy sight.

Let the worde of truthe neuer goe awaye from my mouthe: and suffer no malice to dwell in my harte.

O Lorde, deliuer my soule from lying lippes: and saue me from the deceitful tōge.

Put into my mouth thy true and holy worde: and take

take cleane from me all idle and vnfruitfull speache.

Deliuer me frō false surmises & accusations of men: Rule me euen as thou thinkest good, after thy will and pleasure.

Turne away mine eies, that they beholde no vayne thinges: fasten them in thy waye.

Take from me fornicatiō and al vncleannesse: and let not the loue of the flesshe beguile me.

Yea

Yea deliuer my soule frō
pryde, that it reigne not in
me: and thā shal I be cleane
from the greatest sinne.

Staie and kēepe my fēete
from euery il waie, least my
steps swarue frō thy pathes.

My eies loke euer vp vn-
to thée (O lord) because thou
art nigh at hand: and all thy
waies be the truthe.

Thy mercies be greate &
many (O Lorde) blessed is
he, who so euer trusteth in
thée.

For

For whan I saide vnto thée, my fæte be slipped: thy mercie (O Lorde) by and by did holde me vp.

Teache me to do thy wil, and leade me by thy pathe waie, for thou art my God.

O lorde saue my soule, & deliuer me from the power of darkenesse.

Let the brightnesse of thy face, shine vpō thy seruant, for vnto thée (O lord God) I haue fled for succour.

Loke vnto me, and haue

mercy vpon me: for I am desolate and poore.

Kepe my soule, and deliuer me, that I be not confounded: for I haue trusted in thée.

O Lorde God, forsake me not: although I haue done no good in thy sight.

For thy goodnesse graunt me, that at the least wise now I may beginne to liue well. Amen.

The

The eight Psalme.

A christian mā praieth, that he may be defended from his ennemies.

O God almightie, saue me from mine ennemies: & by thy strong power defend and kæpe me.

Preserue my soule, for ỹ art holy: saue thy seruaunt, whiche trusteth in thée.

For straungers dœ assault me daily: and seeke my soule

to distroy it.

O God helpe thou me: O lord, deliuer me from them that rise vp against me.

Be ready (O God) to succour me: make hast to helpe me, O Lorde.

Be thou my protectour & a place of strength: wherein I may safely be.

For thou art my strength and my refuge: for thi name sake leade and guide me.

Take me (O God) out of the handes of mine enne-

mies:

mies: and cast me not away in the time of tribulation: when all my might is decaied and gone.

Helpe me (O lorde God) and saue me for thy mercies sake.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) the God of my health: and in thy righteousnesse deliuer me.

Frō the veration of them that persecute me: from the assaulte of mine enemies: whiche compasse me aboute

on euery side.

Let them be confounded and brought to naughte, whiche be aduersaries vnto my soule: let them be couered with shame and rebuke, whiche seke my hurte.

Let them turne back with rebuke and shame, whiche saie, God hath forsakē him: let vs set on him and take him: for there is none that shall deliuer him.

Cōioyne thy selfe (O God) vnto my soule, & make it

strong,

ſtrõge, and deliuer me from mine enemies.

Diſtroye them by thy power: and bring to naught al their ſtrength.

That they reioyce not and ſaie among them ſelues, we haue ouercome him, and vtterly caſte him downe.

Saue me (O Lorde God) for in thee haue I truſted: ſaie to my ſoule, be not afraide, for I am with thee.

It is in thy hande, what ſhall come of me, deliuer me

from mine enemies, for yet they cease not.

Their crueltie increaseth daily more and more, & companies of tyrãtes violetly come on me, and they haue not thee before their eies.

But thou (O lord) art gracious and merciful, and sufferest long: and thy mercie & truthe be great.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercie vpon me: and indue thy seruaunt with some of thy strength: for I call vpon thee,

thée, and earnestly make my prayers in thy sight.

My enemies reioyce, that I am fallen, & that my herte hath turned out of thy way.

But I trust in thy mercy, and my herte is comforted, in hope to haue helpe & saluation from thée.

For thou art good & gracious, thy mercie endureth euer, and thy truthe continueth from one generacion to an other.

Let al them reioice in thée

& be glad, whiche seeke thee: and let them whiche loue to haue saluation of thee, saie: Magnified be the Lorde for euer. Amen.

The ninthe Psalme. Against ennemies.

O Lorde & beholde, how many they bee whiche trouble me, howe many whiche make rebellion against me.

They

They saye amonge them selues of my soule: there is no helpe of GOD for it to truste vpon.

O Lorde God, in thée I haue put my hope & truste: saue me from them, whiche do persecute me, and deliuer me.

Lest peraduenture at one time or an other they take my life from me: and there be none to deliuer me from them.

Haue pitte vppon me (O

Lorde) loke vpon the affliction, whiche I suffre of my enemies.

Forget not thy poore seruaunt, suffer not thē, which be oppressed to loke for help alwaies in vaine.

Put them to flight: disapointe them of their purposes: caste them downe hedlonge as their wickednesse hath deserued, for they are Traytours and Rebels against thée.

Let their power be brought to

to nought: and their wickednesse light vppon their owne heades.

Lette the wicked sinners returne into hell, and lette them fal and be taken in the pit, which thei haue digged.

I will truste in thée (O lorde) whiche saueste theim, that in thée put their confidence.

They saye, that thou forgettest thy seruauntes, and that thou hidest thy face, because thou wilt not sée their trou-

trouble.

Their pryde is to vs much griefe & veration: and they glorie and triumphe in our trouble and aduerſitie.

How longe (O Lord) wilt thou ſtande a farre of, and hide thy ſelfe in the time of tribulation?

How longe ſhall the wicked diſpiſe thee? and ſaye in their hart, that thou regardeſt nothyng.

Riſe vp (O Lorde) ſtretche out thy hande: forgette not

theim whiche be oppressed.

Bryng downe the power of the wicked: that thei may perishe together with their wickednes.

Let thy zeale sodeinly come vpon them: the fiery thunderboltes, and the spirite of the whirle winde be portion of their parte.

Preuent me in the day of my tribulation: and deliuer me out of my distresse.

Haue mercy vpon me, for I am troubled on euery side and

and my ſtrength is decaied
through mine iniquitæ.

Mine enemies ſpeake of
me muche ſhame & rebuke: &
they are holely bent to take
my life from me.

The peines of death com-
paſſe me rounde about: and
the fluds of my ſinnes trou-
ble me ſore.

The ropes of hell be tied
rounde about me: and I am
wrapped in the ſnares of
death: and whiche wayſo
euer I goe, I finde ſtubling
blockes,

blockes, to ouerthrowe me.

Stande vp (O Lorde) and punishe this naughtie people, and deliuer me frō my deceitfull enemies.

Heare me in the daye of my tribulatiō: let thy mightie name defende me.

For thou art my fortresse and my glory: and bearest vp my weakenesse and infirmitie.

Saue me lorde I beseeche thee that mine enemies preuaile not against me.

Powre out thy indignation vpon them: and let the wrath of thy furie vexe and trouble them.

Let them be confounded for euer: yea let them tremble and perishe together.

Let thē fall into the dēepe pit: and neuer be able to rise vp againe.

That they maye knowe thy name to be the Lorde of hostes onely myghtie and highe, worlde without end. Amen.

¶ The

The .x. Psalme.

When the ennemies be so cruell that he can not suffer them.

HAue mercie vppon me (O God) for thine ennemie treadeth me vnder his feete: he ceaseth not to assaulte me, and to do me muche griefe.

He alwayes coueteth to swallowe me vp: and many there be that proudly brag and crake against me.

They gather them selues together in corners: they watche my steppes, howe they may take my soule in a trappe.

They be like vnto a Lion that is grædie of his praie, & like a yonge Lyon, they priuely lie in wayte for me.

They do beset my waies, that I shoulde not escape: they loke and start vpō mé to take me in their snare.

They haue prepared a net for my fæte: they haue digged

ged a depe pit, that my ſoule might fall therein.

Make me ſtrong (O lorde God) by thy might & power: make my waye perfite before thée.

Kéepe my ſteppes continually in right pathes, leaſt perchaũce my féete beginne to ſlippe.

I am ſo vered, that I am vtterly wery: healpe me againſt thé that lie in waite for me.

Make thy mercye to bée

meruailous in me: and de-
liuer my soule out of theyr
handes.

Hide me from the compa-
nie of the wicked, and from
the rage of thē that worke
iniquitie.

Accordinge to thy greate
mercie quickē me, ý now in
my sorow I bée not brought
vnder the power of myne
ennemy, whiche rageth a-
gainst me.

Sende forth thy light and
thy truthe, and they shall
leade

leade me into thy holy hill, and into thy tabernacles.

Instructe and teache my hãdes to battaile: make my armes strong like a bowe of stæle.

Girde me with strengthe to battaile: ouerthrow them that arise against me.

Instruct me in the waye, wherein I may walke: prouide for me by thy ouersight

Cast down mine enemies before my face: and destroye them that hate me.

Lest mine enemies ouer-
come me, and the cõpanies
of tyrãtes ouerwhelme me.

Make my fæte to be sted-
fast: and my pathes streight

They reioyce and be glad
of my fall and declination:
they be assembled together
against me: thei strike to kil
me in the way before I may
beware of theim.

They curse and banne my
wordes euery daie: and all
their thoughtes be set to do
me harme.

My life is as it were in ỹ mids of fierce Lyons: whose tæthe be like vnto speares: and their toũge like a sharp swoꝛde.

And who shall stand with me against all these? oꝛ who shall ouercome these woꝛkers of iniquitie?

They shall flée and renne awaie (O loꝛde) assone as ỹ rebukest thé, from the voyce of thy thunder they shall renne hedlyng.

Whiche lookest vppon the

earth, & it holely quaketh: which touchest the hilles, & they smoke: iudgement procéedeth from thy face, thine eies doo approue equitée.

Kéepe me (O lorde) from mine aduersaries: & vnder the shadowe of thy winges defende me.

Judge them that hurt me: fight against thē that fight with me.

Let them goe backwarde and haue ill lucke, whiche persecute me: put them to shame,

ſhame, that will my hurt.

Make them to be as duſte in the winde: and let thy aungell vexe and diſquiet them.

Let them vaniſhe awaye like ſmoke: & as waxe melteth with the heate of the fire, ſo let them periſhe (O lorde) from thy ſighte and preſence.

Beate them downe, that they be not able to ſtande: neuer geue ouer, vntil thou haue vtterly diſtroied thē.

Make

Make their waies darke & slippy: and let thine aungell fiersly goe vpon them.

And thou (O Lorde God) haue mercie vpon me: sende me helpe, and than I shalbe able to resiste them.

For I am weake and in sorow: geue thou me healthy and saluation.

Let thy hand correcte and chastise me: but deliuer me not vnto mine enemies.

My soule is filled with the scorninge and derision that mine

mine enemies haue at me: & with the diſpitefulneſſe of the proude.

My ſoule is cleane diſcouraged within me: it groneth and freteth in it ſelfe againſt me: yet will I truſt in thée: for that I ſhall eftſones geue thée thankes againe for the helpe and ſaluatiō that thou ſendeſt me.

For thy very truthe now helpe me, O thou which art my health, and the hope and comfort of all regions of the earth,

earth, and of the maine sea.

Whiche by thy power rulest from the beginnynge: thine eies behold al things.

What God is there but thou? who is so stronge as thou our God?

In thy protection I wyll trust vntill iniquitæ be passed and gone.

In thæ, I shalbe stronge and sure for euermore.

The. xj. Pſalme.

Of confidence and truſt in God.

O Lorde, whiche art my light and my healthy: of whome ſhall I bee afraide?

O lorde ỹ art the ſtrẽgth of my life: in thée I wil euer truſt.

For like as the hart (whẽ he is chaſed) coueteth to the riuers of water: euen ſo (O lorde)

lord) my soule desireth to be with thée.

My soule thirsteth to bée with thée: for with thée is ỹ foũtaine of life, and recreation in aduersitée.

Here in this worlde is labour and peine: calamitie & miserie.

We haue battaile daily with enemies: we haue no rest here so long as we liue.

But when so euer we put our truste in thy helpe: then we shalbe sure by thy protectio[n]

tection: sayinge vnto thee, thou art our defendour, our refuge, & our God, and in thee we trust.

Thou shalte deliuer me from the snares of the hunters: and from the perilles of my persecutours.

Thou shalte make a shadow for me vnder thy shoulders: and vnder thy winges I shalbe harmeles.

Thy truthe shalbe my shield and buckeler: and no euill shal approche nere vn-

to me.

And therefore if my enemies shall warre agaynste me, that they may deuoure me wholy: yet I wil not flée nor tourne my backe.

Although neuer so strong ennemies shall pitche their tentes against me, my hart shall not be afraide: if death sodeinly come vpon me, in thée will I reste without feare.

Thou shalt hide me in thy tabernacle, in the time of aduer-

aduersitie thou shalte hide me in some secrete place of thy tente: thou shalt set me vpon a sure rocke.

Thou shalt lifte me vp aboue mine enemies, besieging me rounde about: and thou shalt deliuer me out of their handes.

If I shall walke in the middes of tribulation, thou shalte keepe me, and shalte stretche forth thy hande against mine enemies: and thy right hand shal saue me.

O lorde, thou shalt do & bring to passe al thinges for me, thy mercie endureth euer: thou wilt not despise thy owne handy worke.

Thou shalt leade me out of the nette, whiche mine enemies haue spred abroade to catche me in: thou shalte take me out of their pitte.

O how great be thy good thinges, whiche thou laiest vp in store for thē that feare thée.

Whiche also thou shewest to

to them that truste in thee, euen in the sight of the childzen of men.

Thou hidest them in the secret place of thy countenaunce from trouble of ennemies: and from their contentions.

O lozde, what a precious treasure is thy goodnesse: & men shall truste in thy protection.

They shall be filled with the plentyfulnesse of thy house: and thou shalt make

them drinke of thy ryuer of deinties.

They shall drinke with thée of the fountaine of life, and in thy light they shal sée light.

Thy righteousnesse is as the highest mountaines: and thy iudgemẽtes be like vnto the déepe bottõlesse waters.

Thy mercie stretcheth vp to the heauens: & thy truthe ascendeth vp to the same.

O lorde God, thou hast euer

euer from age to age, bene our refuge and succour.

Before the foundations of the earth were laid, without beginning and endinge thou art God.

O my God, thou hast helped me euer frō my youthe: and vntill my olde age, and last daies forsake me not.

I will acknowledge, that I haue all my strengthe of thée, for thou art my protection, my God, and my sauiour.

And therfore what time so euer I shall be afraied: I will truste in thée.

What time soeuer I shall call vpon thée: I know that thou art my God.

Kéepe thy mercie for me alwaies: and the couenaunt that thou haste made with me, let it be surely perfourmed.

And if I haue swerued frō thy lawe, and not walked in thy iudgementes.

If I haue broken thy sta-

tutes,

tutes, and transgressed thy commaundementes.

Then with thy rodde visite mine offences: and with stripes correct my trespasses

But take not thy mercie awaye from me, nor let not thy promise be voide and of none effect.

Breake not the couenant that thou hast made with me, and chaunge not that which hath issued out of thy mouth.

For in thée (O God) our

healthy and glorie doth consiste, thou art our helper, in whom we do euer trust.

And this certaine, that al they, which trust in thée, shall not be confounded.

For who is he that hath trusted in thée, and is confounded?

For thy name sake (O lord) thou forgeuest our sinnes, although they be many and greuous.

Thou arte a sure staye to theim that dread thée: and shewest

ſhewest them thy testamēt.

And vnto thée I crie (O lorde) & I beleue, that thou wilt saue me, for thy great mercies sake.

Thou shalte redéeme my soule in peace from ỹ wrath whiche is to come in the last daye.

I will offer vp to thée sacrifice of laude and prayse: & I will rendre vp my vowes to thée, which art ỹ highest.

The wicked watche and lorke to destroie me: but I truste,

truſte in thy mercye.

Thou art my protectour, and my buckler: my God, my ſtrength, my refuge and delyuerer.

I tarie and loke for helpe from thée (O lord) bleſſed is the mã that truſteth in thée.

O lorde, what great pleaſures thou haſt prepared for me in heauen: that I ſhould delite in no earthly thinge but in thée?

My moſte pleaſure is to cleaue faſt vnto thée: and in thée

thee to ſet my hope & truſt.
I commit my ſpirite vnto thy handes: deliuer me frō the powers of darkeneſſe of this worlde. Amen.

The. xij. Pſalme

If God deferre to helpe longe time.

O My God, my God, why forſakeſt thou me? why lokeſt not vpon my neceſſitée?

Shall

Shall thy mercie fayle for-
euer: wilt thou neuer be
pleased more:

Howe longe wilt thou be
miscontented with me, O
lord: wilt thou kendle thine
anger throughly as it were
fyre:

Whan wilt thou haue a-
ny regarde to deliuer my
soule: to deliuer my life frō
destruction of enemies.

Howe longe shall I crie,
and thou wilte not heare:
how longe shall I make ex-
clamation

clamation for very peine, & thou wilt not saue me?

O Lorde God of hostes, how longe wilt thou be angrie with the prayers of thy seruaunt?

Come againe vnto me (O God my sautour) and take away thine indignation against me.

When thou arte tourned (O lorde) thou shalt restore all thinges agayne: and he that was in sadnesse before shall take ioye and comfort

of

of thée.

Let thy hande be to helpe man, whiche is thy handie worke, whom thou hast exalted and magnified to set forth thy glorie.

Mine enemies liue wealthily and are stronge: & they which hate me, increase and goe forwarde daylie.

They disprayse and set at naught my counsayle, because I take God for my hope and comfort.

They saie to me dayly, ÿ

trustest

truſteſt in God, let him de-
liuer thée, and ſaue thée: if ſo
be that he beare loue and fa-
uour towardes thée.

They leape at me as it
were ſo many dogges: the
companies of the wicked
barke at me: they beſet my
handes and fæte rounde a-
bout.

O lorde, goe not farre a-
way from me: thou arte my
ſtrengthe: make ſpéede to
helpe me.

Deliuer my ſoule from

death, turne my waye from the rage of dogges.

Keepe me out of the mouth of Lyons: and saue me from the deepe lake.

Thou arte both holie and stronge, and no man is able to resiste thee: when thy anger is great and feruent.

Who shall not feare thee (O Lorde:) or whiche of all princes shall not obey thee:

The earth trembleth and quaketh for feare of thyne anger: and the people shall not

not be able to abide thy threatnyng.

Helpe me, O lorde God my ſauiour: and for the glorie of thy name deliuer me: & forgeue me my treſpaſſes.

For I do vtter & expreſſe myne iniquitie vnto thée: & my ſinne grieueth me verie ſore.

Ariſe vp (O lord) and helpe me: and deliuer me for thy mercies ſake.

O God, my refuge, & my ſtrength, which haſte bene

euer a great helpe in tribu=
lation.

Thou diddeſt receiue me into thy tuition, whan I came out of my mothers wombe, and thou waſte my helper, whan I ſucked my mothers breaſtes.

I was left to thee as ſone as I was borne, euen from my mothers wombe, thou art my God.

Withdrawe not thy ſelfe farre away from me: for tribulation is nere at hande, t

there

there is none that can helpe me.

Mine ennemies compaſſe me round aboute: my perſecutours beſiege me on euery ſide.

And I am feeble & weake and ſore broken; the peine of my harte maketh me to grone and ſighe.

I am as the water that is caſt forth: my ſtrengthe is gone and vtterly dried vp, as if it were a tile ſtone.

Haue mercie vpon me (O

lorde) haue mercie vpon me: and impute not my sinnes vnto me, which I haue done by foly.

Remembre not my sinnes passed, let thy mercies preuent thē: for I am in a merualous wretched case.

I am wekened and cleane out worne: and goe mournyng euery date.

And nowe (O lorde) what loke I after? verely my soule loketh to thee for help.

Shewe nowe and declare thy

thy goodnesse to me, and withholde not thy helpe frō me.

My soule is replenished with troubles and aduersities, and draweth nere vnto deathes doore.

I am in great pouertie & nēede, and my harte is sore troubled within me.

Cast not me away in the time of my moste necessitee: and nowe when my strēgth faileth me, forsake not thou me O lorde.

Deliuer me from mine enemies: and make me not a mocking stocke to theim, ỳ iest and raile vpon me.

Saue me from these roaring Lyõs ready to deuour, & from the handes of them that would haue my life frõ me.

I do crie to thée (O Lord) for thou art my hope, & my portion in ỳ lande of liuers.

Bring my soule out of prison, & set my féete in a plote, where I maye walke at liberty.

bertie.

Turne not thy face away frō me, least I be made like vnto them that discende into the pit.

Geue eare vnto my prayers, for I am punished and brought very lowe.

Deliuer me from my persecuters: for they be muche stronger than I.

O lorde heare me spedely, lest my spirite fayle within me.

Deliuer my soule out of

trouble, & in thy mercie de-
stroy all mine enemies.
And make them to perish
whiche woulde destroie me:
for I am thy seruaũt. Amẽ.

The .xiij. Psalme

In whiche he geueth thãkes to God that his enemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of him.

I will magnifie and praise
thée (O lord God) for thou
hast exalted me & sette me
vp:

vp: & my enemies haue not gotten the ouerhand of me.

O Lorde of hostes, I haue cried vnto thée: & thou hast saued me.

Thou hast brought my soule out of hell: thou hast holden mé vp from fallinge into the déepe lake, from whence no man returneth.

Thou hast not closed me vp in the handes of mine enemies: but thou hast set my féete in a place bothe wide & broade.

I haue sought thee, & thou hast heard me: thou hast brought me into libertie out of great distresse.

Thou hast turned my sorowe into gladnesse: thou hast ceased my mournynge, and compassed me round about with mirth.

Thou hast declared thy greate magnificence in helping thy seruaunt.

Thou hast done mercifully with me in my miseries.

Thou hast regarded the peine

peine of the pyre: thou hast not turned awaye thy face from me.

I will euer bée singinge & speaking of thy mercies: & I wil publishe to other thy fidelitée and truthe, so longe as I shall liue.

My mouthe shall neuer cease to speake of thy righteousnesse, and of thy benefites: which be so many that I can not numbre them.

But I wyll geue thée thankes till death take mée awaie:

alwaye: I will singe in the prayse of thée, so longe as I shall continue.

I will triumphe and reioyce in thy mercie, for that thou hast loked vpō my necessities, and regarde my soule in my greate distresse.

Thou haste bene my sure refuge, and the strength of my truste, and hope.

I thanke thée lord for thy goodnesse alwaye: & for thy ertreadyng mercie.

Thou haste bene my com-

forte in the time of my trouble, thou hast bene mercifull vnto me (O Lord) and hast reuenged the wronges that mine ennemies haue done to me.

Accordyng to the multitude of the heauy thoughts that I had in my minde, thy cõfortes haue cheared & lightned my hart.

Thou hast sente me now ioye for the daies wherin I was in sorowe: and for the yeres in whome I suffered many

many a peinfull storme.

Thou hast called to remẽbraunce the rebuke that thy seruaunt hath bene put to: howe furiously mine ennemies haue persecuted me.

O Lorde God of hostes, who may be compared vnto thée: thou art great & greatly to be praysed.

Thou art highe vpon all the earth, thou art exalted farre aboue all goddes.

Glorie and honour before thy face: holinesse and magnifi-

nificence in thy sanctuarie.

With iustice and iudgement thy royall throne is stablished: mercie and truth goe before thy face.

Blessed art thou (O Lord) which hast not holden backe thy mercie from thy seruãt.

After that I had long looked for thée (O Lorde) at the last thou diddest attend vnto me, and heardest my crie.

Thou hast taken me out of the lake of miserie: and set my féete vpon a rocke, &

made my steppes sure.

Thou hast geuen me my desire: I haue sæne thy ioyfull countenaunce.

Thou hast stroken all my aduersaries and hast abated their strength.

Thou haste rebuked the rablement of thē that vexed me: & hast plucked me forth of their handes.

Thou hast cast them headlinge into their owne pitte: their fæte be wrapped in ȳ nette, which they layde priuely

uely for me.

Mine enemies are reculed backe: they are fallen down and distroied frō thy sight.

Thou haste bene the powre mans defence, and his helper in tribulation, when moste nede was.

Thou haste done iudgement for me: thou haste defended my cause against my accusars.

And although thou were very anger with me a litle whyle: yet nowe I liue

through thy mercye & goodnesse.

Verily I supposed with my selfe, that I was cleane cast away out of thy fauour.

But thou haste heard my prayers: and accordynge to thy great mercie hast taken me againe into thy fauour.

O lorde, of thine owne mind and will, thou haste geuen strengthe vnto my soule: but when thou hidest thy face from me (O lorde) how greatly was I astonied:

When

When I was in aduerſ-
tie, then I cried vnto thée: &
thou diddeſt anſweare mé:
whē my ſoule was in great
anguiſhe and trouble, then
(O lord) I did remēbre thée.

I haue talked and ſœne
howe ſwéete thou art: truly
bleſſed is that man that tru-
ſteth in thée.

Accoꝛding to thy name, ſo
is thy commendation and
pꝛayſe: but thy counſayles
touching vs be without ex-
ample, and greater thē can

with wordes be expressed.

Dominion, power, and glorie be thine: for thou hast made all thinges: and because thy will is so: they do still continue.

Thy name be blessed, praised, and magnified bothe now and euer, world without ende. Amen.

¶ The

The. xiiij. Pſalme

In the which the goodnes of God is prayſed.

O Lord our gouernour, howe wonderfull is thy maieſtie throughout the whole world: which haſt ſet thy glorie aboue all the heauens.

What is man that thou magnifieſt him ſo greatly: or the ſonne of mã that thou doeſt viſite him:

O Lorde, thou art great & muche to be prayſed in thy holy hill.

Prayſe bée vnto thée (O lorde God) lette our vowes made to thée be alwaies perfourmed.

Confeſſion & magnificence are thy worke: & thy righteouſnes continueth for euermore.

Thou haſte done many thinges (O lorde God) both merualous and great: and there is none that can bée

like

like vnto thée in thy worke.

Thy wayes bée iuſte and true, who wil not feare and dread thée, and magnifie thy name.

I thanke thée (O Lorde God) with all my harte: and I will halowe thy name for euer.

O lord ỹ art my ſtrength and my prayſe: thou haſte brought downe myne enemies, which art a iudge euẽ from the beginnyng.

Thy right hand is erec-

ding strong: thy right hand
worketh many great actes.

Thine arme is mightie &
stronge, and because it hath
pleased thée, ỹ hast strēgth-
ned mine infirmitie.

I will prayse thy greate &
dreadful name: for it is holy

Although I haue fallen,
yet I am not crusshed in
peeces: for thou haste susteī-
ned my hande.

I haue opened & shewed
my waie vnto thée: and in
thée I haue trusted, & thou
at

at length hast accomplished my desires.

Thou haste broken the heades of mine enemies, & haste made them to stoupe: whiche walked proudly in their sinnes.

Thou hast dominion ouer their power, and whan they be exalted and set aloft in their waies, thou abatest their courage, & destroyest thē with thy mightie arme.

In thy name, I will euer reioyce, and in thy mercie

is

is all my glory.

Thou loueſt righteouſneſſe and iudgemente: the earthe is repleniſhed with thy mercie.

Thy eye loketh fauourably vppon them that dread thée, & truſte in thy mercie.

There ſhall no good thing be lackinge to thē that ſéeke thée, & they that feare thée, ſhall not be helpeleſſe.

For thou doeſt order their waies, and heareſt theym whan they crie vnto thée.

That

That thou maiest deliuer their soule from death: and swage their peynes when they be greued.

For thou helpest theim, whose hartes be broke̅ with sorowe: and bearest vp with thy hande them that be contrite in spirite.

Thou sauest the soules of thy seruauntes, and al they that trust in thée, shall not be destroyed.

Wherefore my toũge shal sing thy praise (O lord God)

I will alwayes magnifie thée.

I will loue thée (O lorde) which arte my ſtrength, my ſtaie, my might, my ſauiour and my refuge.

My God, my defender, & my buckeler, the ſtrengthe of my ſaluatiō, and my ſupporter.

After that I had called vpon thée with due laude and praiſe, thou haſte ſaued mée from mine enemies.

Whan I was in trouble

I

I called vpon thée, thou hast harde my voyce out of thy holy temple, & my crie hath entred vp into thine eares.

Thou hast saued me from mine aduersaries, that rose vp against me: thou hast deliuered me from wicked enemies.

Thou hast taken me from the companie of euill men, & mine crie hath sæn vpō mine enemies the thinges that I desired.

And therefore if it should

foꝛtune me to paſſe thꝛough the darke vale of death: I will goe without feare: foꝛ thou wilt be with mée, thy rod and thy ſtaffe ſhall comfoꝛt me.

Thou ſhalte deliuer mée from tribulation: thou ſhalt kéepe me from them whiche ſéeke to deſtroye me.

Mine eies be vpon thée (O loꝛde) foꝛ thou ſhalte bꝛinge my féete fowth of the ſnare.

Unto thée (O Loꝛd God) I will perfourme my vowes,

I wyll geue thée thankes bothe nowe and euermoze, wozlde without ende. Amen.

The. xv. Pſalme

Of the benefites of God, with thankes foz the ſame.

My ſoule prayſeth thée (O Lozd) and all that is within me prayſeth thy holy name.

My soule geueth thee hu-
ble thankes, and thy bene-
fites I will neuer forget.

Whiche forgeuest all my
sinnes: and healest all my
infirmities.

Which hast saued my life
from destructiō: and shewed
in me thy grace and mercie.

Whiche haste satisfied my
desire with good thinges, &
shalt ones restore my youth
againe.

Thou haste intreated me
mercifully at all tymes, and
hast

haste reuenged me of myne enemies.

Thou hast bene a defence to me (O Lorde) and a sure foundation of my wealth.

Thou hast guided me with thy councell, and taken me to thée, through thy mercie.

Thou haste many wayes declared in me thy greatte might and power, and after thine anger hath bene past, thou haste tourned againe & comforted me.

Thou hast sent mée many

greuous troubles, but at ẏ lēgth thou hast brought mée out of ẏ bottōles depenesse.

Thou haste made me priuie to thy waies, & haste not hid thy counsailes from me.

Thou art full of mercie & grace (O lord) slow to wrath and ready to goodnesse.

Thy displeasure lasteth not alwaie, and thou kepest not backe thy mercyes in thine anger for euer.

Thou rewardest vs not according to our sinnes, nor

punt-

puniſheſt vs accordinge to our deſertes.

Loke how hie the heauen is, in comparíſon of ỳ earth: ſo greate is thy mercie towardes vs.

Howe farre as the eaſt is diſtant from the Weaſt: ſo farre (O lorde) remoue our ſinnes from vs.

Like as a naturall father hath pitie vpō his childzen: euen ſo (O lorde God) thou haſt had cōpaſſion vpon vs.

Thou haſt not forgotten

thy creature: thou remembrest that we are flesshe, yea all men liuinge.

And that thage of men is like vnto grasse, and may be compared to the flowers in the fielde.

Which as sone as ý sharp wynde hath blowne vppon them with his blastes, wyther awaye and die, so that no man can tell where they did growe.

But thy mercie (O lorde) and thy louinge kindnes is alwaies

alwaies vpon thē that feare thée: and thy righteouſneſſe endureth for euer.

So that we kéepe our promiſe and couenaunt with thée: and ſo remembre thy commaundemētes, that we do them in déede.

O Lorde, thou haſt ſtabliſhed thy throne in heauen: & thou gouerneſt all thinges by thine imperiall power.

I will magnifie thée (O God) and prayſe thy name world without ende.

I will geue thée thankes alway, and make thy name glorious for euer.

O Lorde thou art puissant and great: and thy magnificence is vnsearchable.

One generatiō shal shew to an other thy workes, and they shal declare thine auncient noble actes.

They shal euer prayse the magnificence of the glory of thy holines, and the memorie of thy great gwdnes.

For thou art gwd & gracious

ous to al men, and thy mercie exceadeth al thy wozkes.

The eyes of all men beholde and wayte vpon thée: that thou ſhouldeſt geue the their ſuſtenaunce in tyme conuenient.

Thou openeſt thine hand, & filleſt euery liuinge creature with fode neceſſary.

O lozde, thou art rightful in all thy waies, and holy in all thy déedes.

Thou kéepeſt all them, y loue thée, and the tozmẽt of

malice shall not touche the.

My mouth shal speake thy glorie and praise, and all liuyng creatures shal honour thy holy name for euer.

Praise the lorde, O ye his aungels mightie in power, whiche doo his commaundementes, and obey the voyce of his worde.

Prayse yée all together God, O ye all his hostes, you his ministers, that doo his will and pleasure.

Prayse the lorde, O ye all his

his ſaincte, for his name is glorious, and his prayſe goeth aboue bothe heauen and earth.

Prayſe the lord together, O ye, all his workes, euery thing that liueth, prayſe ye the Lorde. Amen.

FINIS XV. PSALMORVM.

The .xxj. Pſalme

Of Dauid.
The complaint of Chriſt on the Croſſe.

MY God, my God, why haſt thou forſakē me: it ſeēmeth that I ſhall not obteyne deliueraunce, thoughe I ſēke for it with loude cries.

My God, I will crie al the daye longe, but thou wylt not anſwere: & all the night long,

longe, without takinge any reſt.

The meane tyme thou moſt holieſt, ſæmeſt to ſitte ſtyll, not carynge for the thinges that I ſuffer: which ſo oft haſte helped me heretofore, and haſte geuen to thy people Iſraell, ſufficient argument & mattier to prayſe thée with ſonges, wherwith they haue geuen thanks to thée for thy benefites.

Our forefathers were wonte

wonte to put their truste in thée: and as often as thei did so, thou didest deliuer them.

As oft as they cried for helpe to thée, thei were deliuered: as ofte as they committed them selfe to thée, they were not putte to any shame.

But as for me, I séeme rather to be a worme than a man: the dongehil of Adam the outcaste of the vulger people.

As many as haue séene me

me: haue laughed me to scorne, and reuiled me, and shakyng their heades in derision at me: they cast me in the teeth, saiynge: He is wonte to bosse and glory, that he is in greate fauour with God: wherfore let God now deliuer him, if he loue him so well.

By thy procurement (O Lord) I came out of my mothers wombe: and thou gauest me good comforte: euen whan I sucked my mothers breastes.

breastes.

Through thy meanes I came into this worlde: and as sone as I was borne, I was left to thy tuition: yea thou wast my God, whan I was yet in my mothers wombe.

Wherefore goe not farre away from me: For daunger is euen nowe at hande, and I see no man that will helpe me.

Many buls haue closed me in, bothe stronge and fatte, they

they haue compassed mee rounde about.

They haue opened theyr mouth against me, like vnto a Lyon ẏ gapeth vpõ his praye, & roareth for hunger.

I am poured out like water, & all my lymmes losed one from the other, and my harte is melted within me as it were waxe.

All my strength is gone and dried vp like vnto a tile stone, my tounge cleaueth to the rofe of my mouthe: &

ar the laste I shall be buried in ỹ earth as ỹ dead be wõt.

For dogges haue compassed me round about: and the moste wicked haue conspired against me, they haue made holes throughe my handes and my feete.

I was so vngentilly intreated of theim, ỹ I might easely nũbre all my bones: and after all the peine and tormẽt that they did to me, wt greuous coũtenance they starde and loked vpon me.

They

They deuided my clothes amõg them, and caſte lottes for my cote.

Wherfore lorde, I beſech thée, goe not farre from me: but for as much as thou art my power and my ſtrẽgth, make haſte to helpe me.

Deliuer my ſoule frõ daũger of the ſwoꝛde, & kéepe my life, deſtitute of al mens helpe, from the violence of the dogge.

Saue me from the mouth of the Lion, and take me frõ

the hornes of the vnicornes.

I will shew vnto my brethren the maiestie of thy name: and whan the people is most assembled together, I will prayse & set forth thy most worthy actes & dedes.

All that worship the lord, prayse him, all the posteritee of Iacob magnifie him, al ye that be of the stocke of Israell, with reuerence serue and honour him.

For he hath not despised and set at naught the pore man,

man, because of his miserie: nor he hath not disdainfully tourned away his face from him, but rather as sone as ỳ powre mã cried vnto him for helpe, he heard him by & by.

I will praise thée with my songes openly in a multitude of people, & I will performe my vowes in ỳ sight of theim that honour thée.

The powre shall eate and be satisfied: they shall praise the lorde, ỳ studie to please him: and as many of you as

continue still suche, your hartes shall liue.

All the endes of ỹ worlde shall consider these things, and be tourned to the lorde: and all heathen natiõs shall submitte them selues, and dꝛ homage vnto thée.

For ỹ lorde hath a power royall, and an imperiall dominion ouer the heathen.

The most mightie & greatest of all theim that dwell on the earth, haue eatẽ, and after that they haue tasted ỹ

spiri-

spirituall giftes of the lord, they haue submitted theim selfe, and made humble suite vnto him: yea & al the dead, whiche are buried in the earth, shal knéele and make reuerence in his honour, because he hath not disdained to spēd his own life for thē.

They that shall come after vs, shall honour & serue him.

These thinges shal be written of the lorde, ỹ our posteritée may know and vnder-

stand them.

That they also may come and shewe these thinges to the people ỳ shall be borne of theim, that the lorde hath done these thinges, whiche be so meruailous.

A Psalme of thankes geuing.

Iubilate Deo omnis terra.

REioyce & singe in the honour of the Lord, al ye

ye that liue on earth.

Worship & serue the lord with gladnesse, come into his sight and presence with ioye and mirth.

Acknowledge you, & confesse, that the lorde is that God, whiche hath created & made vs, for truly we made not our selfe, but we be his people and his flocke, which he norisheth and fedeth cõtinually.

Goe ye through his gates to geue him thãkes for ỹ in-

numerable benefites, which ye haue receiued of him: and to sing through his courtes his worthy actes & dedes: prayse him, and highly commende his name.

For the lorde is both good and gracious, & his mercie is infinite: he is moste constant in képing of his promises, not to one generation onely, but euen to all.

A

A Prayer for the Quéne.

O Lorde Jeſu Chriſte, moſt high moſt mighty, Kinge of kinges, lord of lordes, ỹ onely rular of princes, the very ſonne of God, on whoſe right hande ſitting, doeſt frō thy throne beholde al the dwellers vpō earth: with moſte lowely harts we beſech thée, vouchſafe with fauorable regarde

to behold our moſt gracious ſoueraigne lady Quéene Elizabeth, & ſo repleniſhe hir with the grace of thy holy ſpirite, that ſhe alwaye incline to thy will, and walke in thy waye. Kéepe hir farre of from ignorannce, but through thy gifte, let prudence and knowlage alway abounde in hir royall herte. So inſtruct hir (O lord Jeſu) reigning vpon vs in earth, that hir humaine maieſtée, alway obey thy deuine maieſtée

ieſtæ in feare and dꝛeade. Indue hir plentifully with heauẽly giftes. Graunt hir in health and wealth longe to liue. Heape glozy and honour vpõ hir. Glad hir with the ioy of thy countenaũce. So ſtrengthe hir, that ſhe may vanquiſhe & ouercome all hir and our foes, and be dꝛead & feared of al the enemies of hir realme.

Amen.

A Prayer for men to saie, entringe into battayle.

OAlmightie kinge and lorde of hostes, which by thy angels, there vnto appointed, doest minister both warre and peace: in whiche diddest geue vnto Dauid bothe courage and strengthe, beinge but a litle one, vnarmed, & vnexperte in feates of warre, with his

slinge to set vpon, and ouer-
throwe the great huge Go-
liath: our cause now beynge
iuste, and beyng inforced to
entre into warre and bat-
tayle, we moste humbly be-
seche thée (O Lorde God of
hostes) so to turne the herts
of our enemies to the desire
of peace, that no Christen
bloud be spilte: or els graūt
(O Lorde) that with small
effusion of bloud, and to the
litle hurt and domage of in-
nocentes, we maye to thy
glorie

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litle hurt and domage of in-
nocentes, we maye to thy
glorie

glorie obteine victorie: and that the warres being sone ended, we may all with one herte and minde, knit together in cõcorde and vnitie, laude & praise thee, which liuest and reignest worlde without end. Amen.

FINIS.

The Queenes Praiers

Or

Meditations: wherein the minde is ſtirred to ſuffer all afflictions here.

Imprinted at London by H. VVykes.

1568.

Colloss. iij.

¶ If ye be rysen agayne with Christ, seeke ỳ thinges whiche are aboue where Christe sitteth on the right hande of God: Sette your affection on thinges that are aboue, not on things which are on the earth.

MOste beninge Lorde Iesu, graunte me thy grace that it maye alway worke in me, and persevere with me vnto thend.

Graunt me, that I may euer desire & will that, which is most pleasaunt, and most acceptable to thee.

Thy will be my will, and my will be to folowe alway thy will.

Let there be alway in me one wil and one desire, with thee, and that I haue no de-

sire to will, or not to will, but as thou wilt.

Lord thou knowest what thinges is most profitable, & most expedient for me.

Geue therfore what thou wilt, as much as thou wilt, and whan thou wilt.

Doe with mée what thou wilt, as it shall please thée, & as shalbe moste to thine honour.

Put me where thou wilt, and frely doe with me in al thinges after thy wyll.

Thy

Thy creature I am, & in thy handes, leade and turne me where thou wilt.

Loe, I am thy seruaunte, ready to doe al thinges that thou commaũdest: for I desire not to liue to my selfe, but to thée.

Lorde Jesus, I praye thée graunt me grace that I neuer set my hart on ỹ thynges of this worlde, but that all worldely and carnall affections maye vtterly dye and be mortified in me.

Graũt me aboue al things that I may rest in thée, and fully quiet and pacifie my harte in thée.

For thou Lorde arte the verie true peace of harte, & the perfect rest of the soule: and without thée, all things be greuous and vnquiete.

My Lorde Iesus, I bée-seche thée, bée with me in euery place and at all times, and lette it be to me a speciall solace gladly for thy loue to lacke all worldly solace.

And

And if ỹ withdrawe comfoꝛte from me at any tyme, kéepe me, O Loꝛd, from deſperacion, and make me paciently to abide thy wil and oꝛdinance.

O Loꝛde Jeſu, thy iudgementes bée righteous, and thy pꝛouidence is much better foꝛ me, than all that I cā imagine oꝛ deuiſe.

Wheꝛefoꝛe dwe with mée in al things as it ſhal pleaſe thée: foꝛ it maye not bée but well, all that thou doeſt.

If thou wilte that I bée in lighte, be thou blessed, if ꝑ wilte that I be in darknes, be thou also blessed.

If thou vouchsaue to comfort me, be ꝑ highly blessed: if thou wilte I liue in trouble, and without comforte, be ꝑ likewise euer blessed.

Lorde, géeue mée grace gladly to suffre what so euer thou wilt shall fall vpó me, and pacientlý to take it at thy hande good and bad, bitter & swéete, ioye and sorow:

row: and for al thinges that shal befall vnto me, hartely to thanke thée.

Kéepe me lord from sinne, & I shall than neither dread death nor hell.

O what thankes ought I to géeue vnto thée, whiche haste suffered the grieuous death of ỳ crosse, to deliuer me from my sinnes, and to obtaine euerlastyng life for mée.

Thou gauest vs most perfect example of pacience, ful-

fulling and obeying the will of thy father: euen vnto the death.

Make me wretched sinner obediently to vse my selfe after thy wil in al thinges, & pacíently to beare the burden of this corruptible life.

For though this life be tedious, and as an heauy burden to my soule: yet neuertheleſſe through thy grace, & by example of thée, it is now made muche more easie and comfortable than it was before

fore thy incarnatiō & passiō. Thy holy life is our way to thée, & by folowynge of thée, wée walke to thée, that arte our head and sauioure: And yet excepte thou hadst gone before, and shewed vs the way to euerlasting life, who woulde endeuour hym selfe to folowe thée: séynge wée be yet so slowe and dull, hauing the light of thy blessed example and holy doctrine to leade and direct vs.

O Lorde Jesu, make that possi-

possible by grace, that is to me impossible by nature.

Thou knowest well that I may little suffre, and that I am anone cast downe and ouerthrowen with a littell aduersitie: wherefore I beseche thée O lord, to strengthen me with thy spirit that I maye willingly suffer for thy sake all maner of trouble and affliction.

Lorde, I will knowledge vnto thée all mine vnrygh-teousnesse, and I wyll con-

fesse

lesse to thee all the vnstablenes of my harte.

Oftentimes a very littell thinge troubleth me sore, & maketh me dul and slowe to serue thee.

And sometime I purpose to stande strongly, but whā a littell trouble cometh, it is to me great anguishe and griefe, and of a right littell thing riseth a grieuous tēptation to me.

Yea, when I thynke my selfe to be sure and stronge, and

and that (as it ſæmeth) I haue the vpper hãde: ſodeinly I fæle my ſelfe ready to fall with a littell blaſte of temptation.

Beholde therefore good Lorde, my weakenes, & conſider my fraſlnes beſt knowen to thée.

Haue mercie on mée, and deliuer me from al iniquitée and ſinne, that I be not intangled therewith.

Oftẽtimes it greueth me ſore, and in maner confoundeth

deth me, that I am so vnsta-
ble, so weake, and so frayle
in resisting sinfull mocions.

Whiche althoughe they
drawe me not alway to con-
sent, yet neuertheless their
assaultes bee very grœuous
vnto me.

And it is tedious to me to
liue in such battaile, al be it
I perceiue that such battaile
is not vnprofitable vnto me

For thereby I knowe the
better my selfe, and myne
owne infirmities, and that

I

I muſte ſéeke helpe onely at thy handes.

O Lorde God of Iſraell, the louer of all faithefull ſoules, vouchſafe to beholde the labour and ſorow of mé thy poore creature.

Aſſiſte mée in all thynges with thy grace, & ſo ſtrēgth me with heauēly ſtrength, that neither my cruell enemy the fēnde, neyther my wretched fleſh (which is not yet ſubiect to ỹ ſpirite) haue victory or dominiō ouer me.

O what a life may this be called, wher no trouble no misery lacketh: where euery place is full of snares of mortall enemies.

For one trouble or temptation ouerpassed, an other cometh by and by, and the first conflicte yet duringe, a newe battaile sodeinly ariseth.

Wherefore Lorde Jesu, I praie thée geue me the grace to reste in thée aboue all thinges, and to quiet me in

thee aboue all creatures, aboue all glorie and honour, aboue all dignitie & power, aboue all cunning & policie, aboue all health & beautie, aboue all rithes & treasure, aboue all ioye and pleasure, aboue all fame and prayse, aboue all mirthe and consolation that mans harte may take or fele besides thée.

For thou Lorde God, art best, most wise, most highe, moste mightie, moste sufficient and moste full of all gwdnes,

gwdnes, moſt ſweete, & moſt cõfortable, moſt faire, moſt louinge, moſte noble, moſte gloztous, in whome al gwdneſſe moſt perfectly is.

And therefoze whatſoeuer I haue beſide thee, it is nothing to me: foz my harte maye not reſte, ne fully be pacified but onely in thee.

O lozd Jeſu, moſt louing ſpouſe, who ſhall geue me winges of perfect loue, that I maye flie vp from theſe wozldly miſeries, and reſte

in thée:

O whan shal I ascende to thée, and see and feele howe swéete thou arte.

Whan shall I wholy gather my selfe in thée, so perfectly, that I shall not for thy loue feele my selfe, thée onely aboue my selfe, and aboue all worldly thinges, ỳ thou maiest vouchsafe to visite me in such wise as thou doest visite thy moste faithfull louers.

Now I often mourne and com-

complayne of the miſeries of this life, and with ſorowe and great heauineſſe ſuffre them.

For many thinges happen dayly to me, whiche oftentimes trouble me, make me heauy, and darken mine vnderſtandyng.

They hinder me greatly and put my mind from thee, and ſo encombre me many wayes, that I can not freely and clerely deſire thee, ne haue thy ſweete conſolations

whiche with thy blessed saincts be alway present.

I beseche thee, lorde Jesu, that the sighinges and inwarde desires of my harte maye moue and incline thée to heare me.

O Jesu, kinge of euerlasting glorie, the ioy and cõfort of all Christen people, that are wandringe as pilgrims, in the wilderneſſe of this worlde: my harte crieth to thée by still desires, and my silence speaketh vnto thée,

thée, and saieth: howe longe tarieth my lord god to come to me.

Come, O Lord, and visite me: for without thée I haue no true ioye, without thée, my soule is heauy and sad.

I am in prysón and bounden with fetters of sorowe, till thou, O Lorde, with thy gratious presence vouchesafe to visite me, & to bringe me againe to libertie & ioye of spirite, and to shewe thy fauourable coũtenance vn-

to me.

Open my harte Lorde, ỳ I may behold thy lawes, & teache me to walke in thy commaundementes.

Make me to knowe and folow thy will, and to haue alwaies in my remembrãce thy manifolde benefites, ỳ I maye yelde due thankes to thée for them.

But I knowledge and cõfesse for trouthe, that I am not able to geue thée condigne thankes of the leaste

benefite

benefite that thou haste geuen me.

O Lorde, all giftes and vertues that any man hath in body or soule, naturall or supernatural, be thy giftes, and come of thée and not of our selfe, and they declare the great riches of thy mercy and goodnesse vnto vs.

And though some haue mo giftes then other, yet they all procéede from thée, and without thée, the least can not be had.

O Lorde, I accompt it for a great benefite, not to haue many worldly gifts, wherby the laude and prayse of mē might blinde my soule, and deceiue me.

Lorde, I knowe that no man ought to be abashed or miscontent, that he is in a lowe estate in this worlde, and lacketh the pleasures of this life: but rather to bée glad and reioyce therat.

For so much as thou hast chosen the poore and méeke persons,

persons, and such as are dispised in the worlde, to be thy seruaũtes and familier friendes.

Witnes be thy blessed Apostles, whom thou madest chiefe pastours and spirituall gouernours of thy flock, whiche departed from the counsayle of the Jewes, reioysing that they were coũted worthy to suffer rebuke for thy name.

Euen so O lorde, graunt that I thy seruaunt may bée as

as well content to be taken as the leaſt, as other be to be greateſt, and that I be as well pleaſed to be in the loweſt place, as in ỹ highest, & as glad to be of no reputation in the worlde for thy ſake, as other are to be noble and famous.

Lord, it is the worke of a perfect man, neuer to ſequeſtre his minde from thée, & among many worldly cares to goe without care: not after the maner of an idle or a

diſſolute

dissolute person, but by the prerogatiue of a frée minde, alwaye mindinge heauenly thinges & not by inordinate affection to any creature.

I beseche thée therfore my Lorde Jesu, kéepe me from ỳ superfluous cares of this world, that I be not inquieted with bodily necessities, ne that I be not taken with the voluptuous pleasures of the world, ne of the flesh.

Preserue me frō al things whiche hynder my soule health,

health, that I be not ouer-
throwen with them.

O lorde God, whiche arte
swéetenes vnspeakeable,
turne into bitternesse to me
all worldly and fleshely de-
lites, which mought drawe
me from the loue of eternall
thinges, to the loue of short
and vile pleasure.

Let not flesshe and bloude
ouercome me, ne yet the
world, with his vaine glory
deceiue me, nor the fende,
with his manifolde craftes

sup-

supplant me: but geue me ghostly strēgth in resistyng theim, pacience in suffering them, and constancie in perseuering to the ende.

Geue me for all worldly delectations, the most swete cōsolation of thy holy spirit, and for all fleshely loue indue my soule with feruent loue of thée.

Make me strong inwardly in my soule, and caste out therof al vnprofitable cares of this worlde, that I be not

ledde

ledde by vnstable desires of earthly thinges, but that I maye repute all thinges in this worlde (as they be) trā-sitorie, and sone vanishyng away, and my self also with thē, drawinge toward mine ende.

For nothinge vnder the sunne maye long abide, but all is vanitie and affliction of spirite.

Geue me lorde, therefore heauenly wisedome, that I may learne to seke & finde thee,

thee, and aboue all thinges to loue thee.

Geue me grace to withdrawe me, from them that flatter me, and pacientlye to suffer them, that vniustlye greue me.

Lorde whan temptation or tribulatiō cometh vouchsafe to succour me, that all maye tourne to my ghostlye comfort, & pacientlye to sufker, and alwaye to saye, thy name be blessed.

Lorde trouble is now at

hande, I am not well, but I am greatly vexed with this present affliction, O moste glorious father, what shall I do? anguishe and trouble are on euery side, help now I beseche thée in this houre, thou shalt be lauded & prayse:d whan I am perfectly made méeke before thée, and whan I am clerely deliuered by thée.

Haye it therefore please thée to deliuer me, for what may I most sinfull wretche do?

dw: or whither maye I goe for succour but to thée:

Geue me pacience now at this time in all my trouble, helpe me, Lorde God, and I shall not feare ne dreade, what troubles so euer fall vpon me.

And nowe what shall I saie, but that thy wyll bée done in me: I haue deserued to be troubled and grieued: and therefore it behoueth, that I suffer as longe as it pleaseth thée.

But would to God that I might ſuffer gladly, till the furious tempeſtes were ouerpaſſed, and that quietnes of harte might come againe.

Thy mighty hande Lord is ſtrōg enough to take this trouble from me, and to aſſwage the cruell aſſaultes thereof, that I be not ouercome with theim, as thou haſt oftentimes done before this time, that whan I am clerely deliuered by thée, I

may with gladnes say, The right hande of him that is highest, hathe made this chaunge.

Lorde graunt me thy singular grace, ỳ I maye come thither, where no creature shall let me, ne kepe me frō the perfit beholding of thée.

For as long as any transitorie thynge kepeth mée backe, or hath rule in me, I maye not frely ascende to thée.

O Lorde, without thée,

nothing may long delite or please: For if any thynge should be liking and sauoury, it must be through helpe of thy grace, seasoned with the spice of thy wisedome.

O euerlasting light, farre passinge all thinges, sende downe the beames of thy brightnes from aboue, and purifie and lighten the inwarde partes of my harte.

Quicken my soule, and al the powers thereof, that it may cleaue fast, and be ioyned

ned to thée in ioyfull glad-
nes of ghostly rauishynges.

O whan shall that blessed houre come, that thou shalt visite me, and glad me with thy blessed presence, when thou shalt be to me all in al: verily vntill that time come there can be no perfect ioye in me.

But alas, mine old man, that is in my carnall affe-ctions liue still in me, & are not crucified nor perfectly dead.

For yet striueth the flesh against the spirite, and moueth great battaile inwardly against me, and suffereth not thy kingedome of my soule to liue in peace.

But thou good Lord, that hast the lordship ouer all, & power of the sea, to asswage the rage and surges of the same, arise and helpe mée, destroye the power of myne enemies, whiche alwayes make battayle against me, shew forth the greatnes of thy

thy goodnes, and let the power of thy right hande bée glorified in me. For there is to me none other hope nor refuge but in thée onely my lorde, my God: to thée be honour & glorie euerlasting.

O Lorde, graunt me, that I maye wholy resigne my selfe to thée, & in all thinges to forsake my selfe, and paciently to beare my crosse, & to folowe thée.

O Lorde, what is man, ẏ thou vouchesanest to haue

minde of him: and to visite him.

Thou art alwaye one, alway good, alway righteous and holy, iustly and blessedly disposing all thinges after thy wisedome.

But I am a wretche, and of my selfe alway ready and prone to euill, and do neuer abide in one state but many times do varie and chaung.

Neuertheless it shall bee better with me, whan it shall please thee: for thou, O

lord

lord only art he, that maiest helpe me, and thou maiest so cõfirme and stablishe me, that my harte shall not bée chaunged from thée, but be surely fixed and finally rest and be quieted in thée.

I am nothinge els of my selfe but vanitie before thée, an vnconstant creature and a fœble: and therfore, wherof may I rightfully glorie: or why should I lõke to bée magnified:

Who so pleaseth him selfe with-

without thée, dispiseth thée: and he that deliteth in mēs prayſinges, loſeth the true prayſe before thée.

The true prayſe is to be praiſed of thée: And the true ioy is to reioyce in thée.

Wherefore thy name (O lord) be praiſed, & not mine.

Thy workes bée magnified and not mine, and thy goodnes be alwayes lauded and bleſſed.

Thou arte my glory, and the ioye of my harte, in thée ſhall

shall I glorie and reioyce, & not in my selfe, nor in any worldly honour or dignitie, which to thy eternall glory compared, is but a shadowe and a very vanitie.

O Lorde, we liue here in greate darkenesse, and are lyone deceiued with the vanities of this worlde, and are lyone græued with a littell trouble, yet if I coulde behold my self wel, I should plainly see, that what trouble so euer I haue suffered, it

it hath iustly comen vppon me, because I haue ofte sinned, and greeuously offended thee.

To me therefore confusiō and despite is due: but to thee, laude, honour, & glory.

Lorde sende me helpe in my troubles, for mans help is littell worth.

Howe often haue I bene dispointed, wher I thought I should haue found frendship: And how often haue I founde it, where as I least thought:

thought:

Wherefore it is a vayne thing to truste in man: For the true truste and healthe of man is onely in thée.

Blessed be thou lord therfore in all thinges that happeneth vnto vs, for we bée weake and vnstable, sone deceiued, and sone chaunged from one thinge to an other.

O lorde God moste righteous iudge, strong and patient, whiche knowest the frailtie

frailtie and malice of man, be thou my whole strength and comforte in all necessities: for mine owne conscience (Lorde) suffiseth not.

Wherefore to thy mercie I doe appeale, seing no man may be iustified ne appeare righteous in thy sighte, if thou examine him after thy iustice.

O blessed mantion of thy heauenly citie, O moste clerest day of eternitie, whom the night may neuer darke.

This

This is the daye alwaye cleare and mearie, alwaye sure, and neuer chaunging his state.

Would to God this daie might shortly appeare and shine vpon vs, and that this worldly fantasies were at an ende.

This daye shineth clearely to thy saintes in heauen with euerlasting brightnes, but to vs pilgrims in earth it shineth obscurely, and as throug' a mirrour or glasse.

The heauenly citezins know howe ioyous this day is: but we outlawes, ỹ childzen of Eue, wœpe & wayle the bitter tedioulnes of our daye, that is of this pzelent life, ſhozt and euill, full of ſozowe and anguiſhe.

Where man is oftentimes defiled with ſinne, encoumbzed with affliction, inquieted with troubles, & wzapped in cares, buſied with vanities, blinded wt errours, ouercharged with labours,

oered with temptations, o-uercome with vaine delites and pleasures of the world, and greeuously tourmented with penurie and neede.

O, when shall the ende come of all these miseries?

When shall I be clearely deliuered from the bondage of sinne.

When shall I (Lord) haue onely minde on thée, and fully bée gladde and mery in thée.

When shall I be frée with-

out letting, and be in perfit libertie, without griefe of bodie and soule.

When shall I haue peace without trouble: peace within and without: and on euery side stedfast and sure:

O Lorde Iesu, when shall I stande and beholde thée: and haue full sight and contemplation of thy glorie:

When shalt thou be to me all in all: and when shall I bée with thée in thy kyngdome, that thou haste ordeined

ned

ned for thine elect people frō the beginning?

I am lefte here poore, and as an outlawe, in the lande of mine ennemies, where daily be battailes and great misfortunes.

Comforte mine exile, aswage my sorowe, for al my desire is to be with thée.

It is to me an vnpleasant burden, what pleasure soeuer the worlde offreth me here.

I desire to haue inwarde

fruition in thée, but I can not attaine therto.

I couet to cleaue faste to heauēly things, but worldly affections pluck my mind downwarde.

I woulde subdue all euill affections, but they dayly rebel and rise against me, and will not be subiect vnto my spirite.

Thus I wretched creature fight in my selfe, and am grieuous to my selfe, while my spirite desireth to be

be vpward, and cõtrary my flesh draweth me downward

O, what suffre I inwardly: I goe about to mynde heauenly thinges, & streight a great rable of worldely thoughtes russhe into my soule.

Therefore, Lorde, be not long away, ne departe not in thy wrath from me.

Sende me the light of thy grace, destrole in me al carnall desires.

Sende forthe the hotte

flames of thy loue, to burne and consume the cloudy fantasies of my minde.

Gather, o Lord, my wittes and the powers of my soule together in thee, and make me to despise all worldlie thinges, and by thy grace strongly to resist and ouercome all motions and occasions of sinne.

Helpe me, thou euerlastinge trouth, ỳ no worldly guile nor vanitie hereafter haue power to deceiue me.

Come

Come also, thou heauenly swetnes, and let all bitternes of sinne flée far frō me.

Pardon me, and forgeue me as ofte as in my praier my mind is not surely fixed on thée.

For many times I am not there, where I stande, or sitte: but rather there, whither my thoughtes cary me.

For there I am, where my thoughtes be, and there as customably is my thought, there is that, that I loue.

And that oftentimes commeth into my mynde, that bycustome pleaseth me best, and that deliteth me moste to thinke vpon.

Accordingly as thou doest saie in thy Gospell: where as a mans treasure is, there is his harte.

Wherefore if I loue heauen, I speake gladly therof, and of such thinges as be of God, & of that, that appertaineth to his honour, and to the glorifiyng of his holy name.

name.

And if I loue the worlde, I loue to talke of worldly thinges, and I ioye anone in worldly felicitie, and sorowe and lament sone for worldly aduersitie.

If I loue the flesh, I imagine oftentimes that, that pleaseth the flesshe.

If I loue my soule, I delite muche to speake and to heare of thinges, that be for my soule health.

And what so euer I loue,

of

of that I gladly heare and speake, & beare the images of theim still in my mynde.

Blessed is that man, that for the loue of the Lord, setteth not by the pleasures of this worlde, and learneth truely to ouercome him self, and with the fauour of spirite, crucifieth his flesh, so that in a cleane and a pure conscience he may offer his praiers to thée, & be accepted to haue cõpanie of thy blessed Aungells, all earthly thinges

thinges excluded from his harte.

Lorde, and holy father, be thou blessed now and euer: for as ỹ wilt, so is it done, & that thou doest, is alwaye best.

Let me thy humble & vnworthy seruaunt, loye only in thée, & not in my selfe, ne in any thing els beside thée.

For thou Lorde, arte my gladnes, my hope, my croun and all my honour.

What hath thy seruaunt,

but

but that he hath of thee, and that without his deserte?

All thinges be thine, thou hast created and made the.

I am poore, and haue bene in trouble and paine, euer from my youth, & my soule hath bene in great heauines through manifold passions, that come of the worlde and of the flesh.

Wherefore, Lord, I desire that I may haue of thee, the ioy of inward peace.

I aske of thee, to come to that

that rest, which is ordeined for thy chosen children, that be vsed and nourished with the light of heauenly comfortes: For without thy help, I can not come to thee.

Lord geue me peace, geue me inwarde loye, and than my soule shalbe full of heauenly melody, and be deuout & feruent in thy laudes and praisinges.

But if thou withdraw thy selfe from me (as thou hast sometime done) than may not

not thy seruaunt runne the way of thy cõmaundemẽts, as I did before.

For it is nowe with me, as it was, whã the lanterne of thy ghostly presence did shine vpon my head, and I was defended vnder ỹ shadow of thy winges from all perilles and daungers.

O mercifull Lorde Iesu, euer to be praised, the time is come, ỹ thou wilt proue thy seruaunt, and rightfull is it, that I shall now suffer some

somewhat for thée.

Nowe is the houre come, that thou haste knowen frō the beginning, that thy seruaūt for a time should outwardly be set at naught, & inwardly to leane to thée.

And that he shoulde be dispised in the sighte of the worlde, and be broken with affliction, that he may after arise with thée in a newe light, and be clarified and made glorious in thy kingdome of heauen.

O holy father, thou haste ordeined it so to be, and it is done as thou hast cõmaũded

This is thy grace (O lord) to thy frænde, to suffre him to be troubled in this world for thy loue, how often so euer it be, & of what persone so euer it be, & in what maner so euer thou wilt suffre it to fall vnto him: for without thy will or sufferaunce, what thinge is done vppon the earth?

It is good to me (O Lorde) that

that thou hast mekened me that I maye thereby learne to know thy righteous iudgementes, and to put from me all manner of presumption, and statelinesse of harte.

It is very profitable for me that confusiō hath coue-red my face, ỳ I may learne therby rather to seke to thee for helpe and succour than to man.

I haue therby learned to dread thy secret and terrible

gementes, whiche scurgest the righteous with the sinner, but not without equitée and iustice.

Lorde, I yelde thankes to thée, that thou hast not spared my sinnes, but haste punished me with scourges of loue, and hast sent me affliction and anguishes within and without.

No creature vnder heauè maye comforte me but thou (Lorde God) the heauenly leche of mans soule, whiche stri-

strikest and healest, whiche bringest a man nighe vnto death, & after restorest him to life againe, that he maye thereby learne to know his owne weakenesse and imbecilitée, and the more fully to trust in thée (Lorde.)

Thy discipline is laid vpō me, and thy rodde of correction hath taught me, & vnder that rodde I wholy submitte me.

Strike my backe and my bones as shall please thée, &

make me to bowe my croked will vnto thy will.

Make me a mæke and an humble disciple, as thou haste sometime done with me, that I may walke after thy will.

To thée I committe my selfe to be corrected: for better it is to be corrected by thée here, than in time to come.

Thou knowest all things and nothinge is hidde from thée ẏ is in mans conscïẽce.

Thou

Thou knowest all things to come before they fall, and it is not nœdefull, that any man teache thée, or warne thée of any thinge ẏ is done vpon the earth.

Thou knowest what is profitable for me, and howe muche tribulations helpen to purge awaye the ruste of sinne in me.

Doe with me after thy pleasure, I am a sinnefull wretche, to none so well knowen as to thée.

Graunt me (Lord) that to knowe, that is necessarie to bée knowen: that to loue that is to be loued: that to desire, that pleaseth thée: that to regarde, that is precious in thy sighte: and that to refuse, that is vile before thée.

Suffre me not to iudge thy misteries after my outwarde sences, ne to geue sentence after the hearinge of the ignorãce, but by true iugemẽt to discerne thinges spirit-

ſpirituall: & aboue al things, alway to ſearche and folow thy will and pleaſure.

O Lord Jeſu, thou art al my richeſſe, and all that I haue, I haue it of thée.

But what am I (Lorde) that I dare ſpeake to thée: I am thy poore creature, and a worme moſt abiecte.

Beholde Lorde, I haue nought, and of my ſelf I am nought worth, thou art only God, righteous and holy thou ordeyneſt al things, thou

geuest all thinges, and thou fulfillest all thinges with goodnesse.

I am a sinner, barren and voyde of godly vertue.

Remembre thy mercies, & fil my harte with plentie of thy grace, for thou wilt not ỹ thy workes in me, should be maide in vayne.

How may I beare the miserie of this life, excepte thy grace and mercie dw cõfort mée?

Turne not thy face from me,

me, deferre not the visiting of me, ne withdrawe not thy comfortes, least happely my soule be made as drie earth without the water of grace.

Teache me Lorde to fulfill thy will, to liue mekely and worthely before thee, for thou art all my wisdome and cunnynge, thou art he that knowest me as I am, that knowest me before the worlde was made, and before I was borne or brought into

into this life to thée (O Lord) be honour glory & praise for euer and euer. Amen.

Laus Deo in æternum. Amen.

A deuoute Praier to be daily saide.

O Almightie & eternall God, whiche vouchsauest, that wée as it were heauënly childrën, shuld euery

euery one of vs call thée our heauenly father: Graunt ỹ among vs by pureneſſe and example of innocẽt life, thy moſte holy name maye be ſãctified, that all other nations, beholding our goodnes and vertuous déedes, that ỹ worketh in vs, may be ſtirred to halow & glorifie thée.

Graunt (O Lord) that the kingdome of thy grace and merey, may reigne continually in our hartes, ſo that we maye be worthy to bée par-

partakers of the realme of glorie and maiestie.

Graunt that vnto the verie death, we refuse not to folowe thy deuine will, and that we, according to the example of the celestiall citezins, agreeing together quietly vnited in spirite, all controuersie in opinions laied apart, the lustes of the flesh beinge subdued, & the flattering assaultes of ỹ worlde & the diuell ouercome neuer wastell agaynst thy moste holy

holy will, but obeye it in all thinges. Graunt (O Lorde) for our body nedefull sustenaunce, that we maye the more frely serue the. Geue vs, we beseche the (O mercifull father) that heauenly bread, the body of thy sonne Jesu Christ, the very fode & health of our soules: Geue vs the bread of thy deuine preceptes, ỹ we may truely walke and liue after them.

Geue vs the bread of the heauenly worde whiche is thy

thy stronge buttresse & sure defence of our soules, ỳ wée beinge well fedde and filled with this fode, maye worthily come to the celestiall feaste, where as is no hunger. Graunte (O Lorde) that we patiently beare and suffre our ennemies, & such as hurte vs, and willingly to forgeue the offences committed againste vs, that so we maye finde thée Lord in forgeuinge vs our trespasses, milde and mercifull.

Graunt

Graunte O Lorde, ẏ we be not vtterly ledde into temptacion, ẏ therby we ſhould bee loſte: but in all perilles of temptation, and in the middes of the ſtormy tempeſtes and tribulations, let vs thy childrē, perceiue and feele thy fatherly ſuccour, ready to helpe vs, leaſt that we (ouercome with ẏ naughtie craftes and deceiptes of the temptour) ſhould be drawen into euerlaſtinge deſtruction: But whan we be

well assaied, approued and purged with the fire of temptation, than let vs finishe our course, and so well and valiauntly fighte, that we may for euermore liue with thée in that heauenly citie, where & against thée, which no maner temptation can preuayle. Finally graunte moste mercifull father, that we, through thy benigne goodnes, maye be deliuered from all euils presente, and to come, both of body & soule

and

and that at the last, the yoke of the foule fiend being shaken of, we may possesse ỹ heritage of the heauēly kingdom, which thy sonne, with his precious bloud bought for vs thy children: & there for euer to haue the fruition of celestial delectations, accompanied with Angels & blessed saincts, through the help, benignitie and grace of our Sauiour Iesu Christ, to whom and to thée our father, and to the holy ghost,

be glorie and honour, nowe and euer. Amen.

An other Praier.

O Heauenly father, god almightie, I pray and beseche thy mercy, benignely to beholde me thy vnworthy seruaunte, that I maye by gifte of thy holy spirit, feruentely desire thy kingdom, that I may know thy will, & worke therafter.

Geue

Geue me O Lord, wisdom. Make me constant, pacient, and strong in thee. Kepe me Lorde, from the sleighty inuasion of the olde wily serpent. Defende me from the counsailes and cursinges of euill tonges: Let thy mighty arm be my shield against all ỹ malignitie of this wicked worlde. Remembre not (O Lorde) mine offences: instruct, prepare me to repēt, to be sorry for my sinnes Make me to loue iustice,

and hate wrong, to do good and abstaine from all euils: that I may bée worthy to be called thy childe.

To thée be honour & glorie for euer and euer. Amen.

A deuout Praier.

LOrde harken to my wordes, consider the thought of mine harte.

Behold, how loude I crie vnto thée.

Let

Let my iust prayer entre in-
to thine eares, whiche vn-
fainedly commeth fro mine
harte. Heare me Lorde: for
I am poore and destitute of
mans helpe. Take care for
my soule: saue me thy ser-
uaunt which wholy trust in
thée, haue mercy vpon mée
(O Lorde) for I will neuer
cease cryyng to thée for help.
For thou arte milde and
more mercifull then anye
tonge can expresse, as often
as aduersitie assayleth me I

wil crie & call for helpe vnto thée: I wil cal vpon thée in ỳ daye time: and in the night my crie shal not be hidde frō thée, O thou god of the heauens, & maker of ỳ waters, and Lorde of all creatures, heare me a poore sinner, calling vpon thée, and putting my whole trust in thy mercie. Haue mercy vpon me: For thy manifolde mercies sake forgeue me al mine offences. Amen.

The

¶ The Letanie.

O God the father of heauen haue mercie vpon vs miserable sinners.

O God the Father of Heauen, haue mercie vpon vs. &c.

O God the sonne redemer of the worlde, haue mercie vpon vs miserable sinners.

O God the sonne redemer. &c.

O God the holy ghost proceeding from the father and the sonne, haue mercie vpon

vs miſerable ſinners.

O God the holy ghoſte. &c.

O holy, bleſſed, and glozi-
ous trinitie, thzée perſons &
one God, haue mercie vpon
vs miſerable ſinners.

O holy bleſſed, and. &c.

Remember not Lozde our
offences, noz the offences of
our fozefathers, nether take
ȳ vengeaunce of our ſinnes
ſpare vs good Lozde, ſpare
thy people, whom thou haſt
redéemed with thy moſte
pzecious bloud, and be not
angrie

angrie with vs for euer.

Spare vs good Lorde.

From all euill and mischiefe, from sinne, from the craftes and assaultes of the Deuil, from thy wrath, and frō euerlasting damnation.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

Frō all blindnes of harte, from pride, vaine glory, and hipocrisie, from enuie, hatred and malice, and all vncharitablenes.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

From al fornication, & all other

other deadly sinne, & from all the deceites of ỹ worlde, the flesshe, and the Deuill.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

From lightninges and tempestes, frō plague, pestilence and famine, from battaile and murther, and from sodaine death.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

From all sedition, and priuie conspiracie, from al false doctrine and heresie, from al hardnes of harte and contempt of thy worde & commaun-

maundement.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

By the misterie of thy holy incarnation, by thy holy natiuitie and circumcision, by thy Baptisme, fastinge, & temptation.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

By thine agony and bloudy sweat, by thy crosse and passion, by thy precious death and buriall, by thy glorious resurrection and ascention, and by the comming of the holy ghost.

Good

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

In al time of our tribulation, in all tyme of our wealth, in the houre of death and in the day of iudgemēt.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

Wee sinners do beseethe thee to heare vs (O Lorde God) and that it maie please thee to rule and gouerne thy holy Church vniuersally, in the right way.

WVee beseeche thee to heare vs good Lorde.

That it may please thee to kéepe

kéepe Elizabeth our Quéene in thy faithe feare and loue, that she maie haue alwayes affiance in thée, & euer séeke thy honour and glorie.

VVee beseeche thee to heare vs good Lorde.

That it maie please thée to be her defender and kéeper, geuing her the victorie ouer all her enemies.

VVe beseech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it may please thée to illuminate all Bishoppes, Pastors, and ministers of ỹ Churche,

Churche, with true knowe-
ledge and vnderſtanding of
thy woꝛde, and that both by
their pꝛeaching and liuing,
they maie ſette it foꝛth and
ſhewe it accoꝛdingly.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c

That it maie pleaſe thée to
endue the Loꝛdes of ẏ coun-
ſaill, and all the Nobilite,
with grace, wiſedome and
vnderſtanding.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie pleaſe thée to
bleſſe and kœpe the Magi-
ſtrates,

ſtrates, geuing them grace to execute iuſtice, & to maintaine truthe.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie pleaſe thée to bleſſe & kéepe all thy people.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie pleaſe thée to geue to all nations, vnitie, peace and concorde.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie pleaſe thée to geue vs an harte, to loue & dread thée, and diligently to liue after thy commaunde-

mentes.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie pleaſe thée to geue to all thy people increaſe of grace, to heare méekely thy woꝛde, and to receiue it with pure affection, & to bꝛing foꝛth the fruites of the ſpiritc.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie pleaſe thée to bꝛing into the waye of truth all ſuche as haue erred and are deceiued.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c.

That

That it maie pleaſe thée to rẽgthẽ ſuche as do ſtande, and to cõforte and helpe the weake hearted, and to raiſe them vp that fall, & finally to beate downe Sathã vnder our feete.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie pleaſe thée to ſuccour, helpe, and comforte all that be in daunger, neceſſitie and tribulation.

VVe beſech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie pleaſe thée to preſerue all that trauaile by

lande or by water, al womē labouring of chylde, al sicke persons and yōge children, and to shewe thy pitie vpon all prysoners and captiues.

VVe besech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thée to defende and prouide for the fatherles children & wyddowes, and all that be desolate and oppressed.

VVe besech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thée to haue mercie vpon all men.

VVe besech thee to heare vs. &c.

That

That it maie please thée to forgeue our enemies, persecutours, and flaunderers, & to tourne their hartes.

VVe besech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thée to geue & preserue to our vse, the kindly fruites of ẏ earth so as in due time we maie enioye them.

VVe besech thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thée to geue vs true repentaunce to forgeue vs all our sinnes negligences & ignoraunces,

and to endue vs with the grace of thy holy spirite, to amende our liues according to thy holy worde.

VVe beseech thee to heare vs &c.

Sonne of God wee beseeche thee to heare vs.

Sonne of God vvee beseeche thee to heare vs.

O Lambe of God, that takest away the sinnes of the worlde.

Graunt vs thy peace.

O Lambe of God, that takest awaye the sinnes of the worlde.

worlde.

Haue mercy vpon vs.

O Christe heare vs.

O Christe heare vs.

Lorde haue mercy vpon vs.

Lorde haue mercy vpon vs.

Christ haue mercy vpon vs.

Christe haue mercie vpon vs.

Lorde haue mercy vpon vs.

Lorde haue mercy vpon vs.

Our father whiche arte in heauen. &c.

And leade vs not into temptation.

But deliuer vs from euill.

Amen.

O Lorde deale not with vs after our sinnes.

Neither reward vs after our iniquities.

Let vs praie.

O God mercifull father, that dispisest not the sighinge of a contrite hart, nor the desires of suche as be sorowfull, mercifully assiste our praiers, that wee make before thée in all our troubles and aduersities, when so euer they oppresse vs, and graciously heare vs, that

that those euils whiche the crafte and subtiltie of the Deuill or man worketh against vs, be brought to nought, and by the prouidence of thy goodnesse they maie be dispersed, that wee thy seruauntes being hurte by no persecution, may euermore geue thākes vnto thée in thy holy churche, through Jesus Christe our Lorde.

O Lorde arise, helpe vs and deliuer vs for thy names sake.

O God, we haue heard wo

our eares, and oure fathers haue declared vnto vs the noble worckes ẏ thou didst in their daies, and in the old time before them.

O Lorde arise, helpe vs and deliuer vs for thine honour.

Glorie be to the father, and to the sonne, and to the holy ghoste.

As it was in the beginning is nowe, and euer shalbee, worlde without ende. Amē.

From our enemies defend vs O Christe.

Graci-

Graciously looke vpon our affliction.

Pitifully behold ỹ sorowes of our hartes.

Mercifully forgeue the sinnes of thy people.

Fauourably with mercie heare our praier.

O sonne of Dauid, haue mercy vpon vs.

Both now and euer vouchsaue to heare vs, O Christe.

Graciously heare vs O Christe.

Graciously heare vs O Lorde Christe.

℣ The Versicle.

O Lorde let thy mercie bée shewed vpon vs.

Aunſvvere.

As vve do put our truſt in thee.

Let vs praie.

Wée humbly beſeche thée O father, mercifully to looke vpon our infirmities, and for the glorie of thy names ſake turne from vs all thoſe euils, that we moſte righteouſly haue deſerued.

And graunt ỳ in all our troubles wée maie put our whole truſte & confidence in thy

thy mercy, & euermore serue thée in holines & pureness of liuing, to thy honour & glory, through our onely mediatour and aduocate Iesu Christe our Lorde. Amen.

ALmighty God which haste geuen vs grace at this time with one accorde to make our cõmon supplications vnto thée, and doest promise that whã two or three be gathered together in thy name ỹ wilt graunt their

their requestes, fulfill now O Lord, the desires & petitions of thy seruauntes, as may be moste expedient for them, graunting vs in this worlde knowledge of thy truthe, and in the worlde to come life euerlasting. Amē.

An other Prayer.

O Mercifull God, which by thy Sonne Christe hast taught vs to call on thée in our necessitie, giue me

me grace, I beseche thée, to acknowlege mine owne infirmitie & weakenesse, that I depēding on thy merciful goodnes (may with a strong and stedfast faith) continually call on thée with a true repentaunt harte, for thy grace, mercy & pardon, that after this corruptible life I may behold thée in thy euerlastinge glory, where thou raignest God euerlastinge. Amen.

FINIS.

IMPRIN-

ted at London

in Fleetstret, by

Henry VVykes.

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